

KITTERY LETTER

Newsy Items From Across
The River

PLEASING MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN

Large Quantities Of Floating Ice In
The River

GOSSIP OF A DAY COLLECTED BY OUR
CORRESPONDENT

Kittery, Feb. 15.
A very pleasant social was held in the vestry of the Second Christian Church on Wednesday evening and considering the severity of the weather the attendance was good. The proceeds are to go to the Sunday school to assist in purchasing additional copies of new hymnals. The following program was well rendered:

Piano solo, Selections from "Cavalleria Rusticana," Rev. E. H. Macy.
Vocal solo, Charlotte Blackford.
Reading, Jessie I. Wentworth.
Violin solo, Fantasia "Lily Lale,"

Master Robert Ellery.
Vocal solo, "Takekenham Ferry."

William Edson.
Piano, selections from "Bohemian Girl," E. H. Macy.
Master Ellery's violin solo was one of the gems of the program.

Supper followed the entertainment.

While there is so much drift ice in the river the Alice Howard has been tied up over night at the town wharf, instead of at Badger's Island, it being more protected.

The river was full of ice on Thursday and when some of the up river fields break up it is expected that great quantities will come down. The eastern side of the river, harbor, from The Champenowne to Wood Island remained packed full of drift all Thursday, but by this morning it had all gone to sea.

Constitution Lodge, Knights of Pythias, will observe Ladies' night on Tuesday, Feb. 19.

Mrs. G. A. Dudley and Mrs. Storer of Brunswick have been the guests of Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Shapleigh.

Carl Myers is suffering from an attack of appendicitis.

It is said that the Kittery Yacht Club will soon give an oyster supper in Grange Hall.

Mrs. Ruby Littlefield of Rogers road has been visiting her sister in Dover.

Nathaniel Mink and his daughter, Mrs. Chester Boulter, are visiting friends in Dorchester, Mass.

The first and second class workmen in the navy yard boat shop have received a raise in wages.

The gunboat Don Juan de Austria, which is due at the navy yard, called from San Juan, P. R., on Monday.

Capt. William G. Shackford of South Orange, N. J., and his town, who has been visiting his mother, Mrs. Robinson of Kingston street, Portsmouth, has returned to his New Jersey home.

There were no arrivals at or departures from the harbor, other than fishing vessels, on Thursday.

In Grange Hall this evening will be held the regular meeting of the Red Men, with installation of officers. The great sachem and other grand chiefs will be present. Following the installation, a fine collation will be served.

H. W. Pierce, who has been working at the navy yard, for some time past, has been required on the navy yard and will begin work tomorrow.

A special meeting of Naval Lodge of Masons will be held on Wednesday evening, Feb. 20, to work the Entered Apprentice degree.

If through oversight on the part of the secretary, any member has failed to receive his announcement of the twelfth annual reunion of the Kittery High School Alumni Association in Westworth Hall on Feb. 21, a note directed to the secretary, O. N. McIntire, will receive prompt attention and the matter will be rectified.

Some of the members of the Gospel Team of Boston University will be present tomorrow evening at the Second Methodist Episcopal Church, to remain over Sunday.

The regular meeting of Whipple Lodge of Good Templars was held in Grange Hall on Wednesday evening.

Maurice Parker has gone to Andover, Mass., for a few weeks.

A large number from our village

PHENOMENAL DEMAND FOR COOPER MEDICINES



Mr. T. H. McGinniss, 2141 Central Ave., Cincinnati, O., says:

"I have had catarrh, for seven years, and have tried almost every advertised remedy without receiving any benefit. One bottle of Cooper's New Discovery has effected a complete cure. I have gained in weight and feel stronger than I have for years. My head is clear, my appetite good, my foot digests perfectly, and my whole system has been greatly benefited by your wonderful remedy. I am deeply grateful for the remarkable cure the medicine has effected in my case."

Signed: T. H. MCGINNIS.

From All Over the United States Startling Accounts are Received of the Unprecedented Results Obtained With L. T. Cooper's Remedies.

The wonderful new medicines, Cooper's New Discovery and Cooper's Quick Relief, with which L. T. Cooper has had such marvelous success in the treatment of stomach trouble, kidney trouble, catarrh, deafness, rheumatism and other diseases in every large city and about which every one has read numerous accounts in the newspapers, have become in great demand and have had a tremendous sale; this demand for these famous remedies is increasing. From this very city the sale and results obtained from Cooper's New Discovery and Cooper's Quick Relief have been marvelous.

DREAD CATARRH

If you are troubled with a foul smelling breath, inflammation and soreness of nasal cavities and air passages and the dropping of a nasty mucus from head to the throat, if there is a dull heavy frontal headache and ringing sounds in your head, and you find yourself gradually growing deaf beware of catarrh.

Cooper's New Discovery should be taken internally to expell the catarrhal virus from the system and heal the mucous membranes of the nasal cavities and air passages. It heals the tissues of the throat and bronchial tubes, and frees the entire system of all catarrhal poison.

Cooper's Quick Relief should be used in connection with Cooper's New Discovery for catarrhal headaches and in all cases of catarrhal deafness to open the eustachian tubes and restore the nerves of the ear to their normal condition.

Cooper's New Discovery sells for \$1.00 per bottle; six for \$5.00. Cooper's Quick Relief costs 50 cents per bottle. You can get them of

Boardman & Norton

APOTHECARIES

Opp. Post Office

ANNUAL MEETING

Of The Merchants' Exchange Was
Held Last Evening

are attending the Knights of Pythias fair which opened on Wednesday evening in Portsmouth.

Fremont Allen of South Berwick was in town on Wednesday.

Invitations for the twelfth annual reunion of the Kittery High School Alumni Association are out and are dated for Feb. 21.

A valentine party was held by the members of York Rockwell Lodge in Grange Hall on Thursday evening.

Miss Ethel Piper, assistant at Trap Academy, passed Monday in Dover.

Mrs. Richard Rogers is ill at her home on Rogers road with the colic. Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hadlin are in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph E. Clark were visitors in Boston on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Adams, who have been passing several weeks in Portland, returned to their home on Rogers road on Wednesday.

George D. Butler, coal dealer of our village, passed Wednesday in Boston.

W. O. George of South Berwick was in town on Wednesday.

Kittery Point

Mrs. Nellie Billings has recovered from an attack of illness.

George Bladell Caplan is ill with pneumonia.

The schooner Georgiana of Gloucester has joined the British flag fleet off of this harbor.

It is said that as the pupils of the Dorcas Mitchell school have been unable to keep warm this winter, an appropriation will be asked for to the town meeting for more heating apparatus, and that this will be one of the articles on the warrant.

Mrs. Mary Lawrence is greatly improved from her recent illness.

Several new telephones have just been installed here and it is said that the farm line will be run through the government grounds on the Atlantic Shore line pole. The manager of the Portsmouth exchange has promised an early establishment of service for its subscribers.

AGAINST THE BROWN TAIL

Local Grangers Voted At Meeting Last Evening

At the meeting of the local Grange on Thursday evening, it was voted after discussion that the state ought to appropriate money to destroy the brown tail and gypsy moths.

Judge E. H. Adams, Charles T. Wiggins, Frank Kilburn, John Watson and Samuel W. Emery, Jr., were the principal speakers.

At the next meeting will occur the annual visit of inspection by District Deputy Charles Brackett of Greenland.

The committee on supper is Mr. Ruth Q. Spinnery, Mrs. Mary L. New and Mrs. Bessie Haynes.

secure the passage of the same in concurrence with the bill which has at the present time passed the Senate in this form.

LOST AT NEWPORT

Portsmouth Basketball Team Beaten Up the State

Portsmouth's basketball team was defeated at Newport on Thursday evening by the team of that town, thirty-nine to twenty-five. The summary:

Newport (39) (25) Portsmouth
Harracough, R.Pg. Pelland
Doyle, H.Pg. Sheridan
McGulgan, J.Pg. Regan
Bull, J.Pg. Segura
Gion, J.Pg. H. Cragen
Score—Newport 39, Portsmouth 25.
Goals—Doyle 5, Segura 5, Harracough 4, Bull 3, Gion 3, McGulgan 2, Cragen 2, Pelland 2, Sheridan.
Fights from fouls—Portsmouth 5, Newport 5. Referee—Conners.
Scorer—Horton. Timekeeper—Murray. Time—Three fifteen minutes periods.

THEY OWNED CONCORD

Mystic Shriners In Possession Of The City Last Evening

The Mystic Shriners were in possession of Concord last evening, when the Mystic Temple gave an exemplification of degree work followed by a banquet.

A special train left here at two o'clock yesterday afternoon, conveying a large party from Portsmouth, Dover, Bangor and Rochester. The return trip, was made early this morning.

FEBRUARY MEETING

Of South Parish Alliance Held Yesterday Afternoon

The February meeting of the South Parish Alliance was held on Thursday afternoon in the Unitarian chapel, opening at 2.30 o'clock.

The members listened to an address by Rev. H. C. MacDougall of the missionary work of the American Unitarian Association.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Tablets. Through refund money if it fails to cure. W. O. ROY'S signature is on each box. 25c.

TO BE HELD TONIGHT

The long postponed meeting of the P. R. S. Debating Club will be held tonight. The question will be: "Resolved, That American labor should be employed upon the Ishpeming." C. S. McDaniel and John Griffin will support the affirmative and Philip Badger and Keith Wood will support the negative.

BOYS' GUILD

Gave Entertainment And Sale In Baptist Chapel Last Evening

Last night at the Baptist chapel on State street the Boys' Guild gave a very successful entertainment and sale.

The program presented was perhaps the best that has ever been given in the chapel, and every number was heartily enjoyed. Henry Caswell, always a favorite with Portsmouth audiences, rendered a fine tenor solo and was very heartily applauded for his efforts. The two readings of Master Reginald Horn, an accomplished boy elocutionist, delighted the audience. Miss Green's, Mrs. Gardner's and Miss Young's piano playing was superb, while the vocal solo by Miss Andrews and the violin solo by Master Downing, were received with great pleasure.

Following is the program:
Tenor solo, Harry Caswell.
Reading, selected, Reginald Horn.
Piano duet, Miss Green and Mrs. Gardner.

Soprano solo, Miss Andrews.
Violin solo, Wesley Downing.

Piano trio, Mrs. Gardner, Miss Green and Miss Young.

Reading selected, Reginald Horn.

THIS DATE IN HISTORY

1710—Louis XV of France born. died May 10, 1774.

1748—Jeremy Bentham, English philosopher, born. Died June 6, 1832.

1764—St. Louis, Mo., founded by a company of French merchants.

1830—S. Weir Mitchell, American author, born.

1841—Thomas W. Gilmer of Virginia became Secretary of the Navy.

1864—Andersonville prison opened for the reception of prisoners.

1872—First session of the first legislature of British Columbia.

1888—David R. Locke, American humorist, died. Born Sept. 20, 1833.

1898—U. S. battleship Maine destroyed in Havana harbor.

1892—Million dollar fire in Brooklyn Navy Yard.

1901—Dr. Manuel Amador chosen president of Panama.

This afternoon the Hampton W. C. T. U. will hold a memorial meeting in honor of its founder, Frances Willard, at the Webster Memorial chapel. An appropriate program has been prepared and supper will be served at five o'clock.

Northern New England Summer Homes.

Office: New York City. Send-Home, Mountains, Lake and Country Homes.

Parties who have summer homes, a country property for sale, that are available for Summer Homes can list the same by commencing with

E. P. STODDARD, - - - MANAGER, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Arrived To-Day

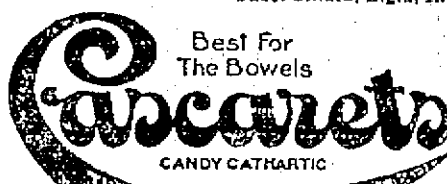
Front Aroostook Co., Me., 550 bu. choice Green Mountain potatoes. As the Market is steadily advancing it will pay you to buy now, and avoid high prices in the Spring.

F. E. LOUGEE, 18 Daniel Street Telephone 525-2.

INSOMNIA

"I have been using Cascarets for insomnia, with which I have been afflicted for over twenty years, and I can say that Cascarets have given me more relief than any other remedy I have ever tried. I am certainly commending them to my friends as being all they are represented to be."

Thos. Gillard, Elgin, Ill.



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips. 10c, 25c, 50c. Sold in bulk. This genuine tablet stamped U. C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N.Y. 50¢ ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES

4 CUSTOM HOUSE, PORTSMOUTH, N. H. February 7, 1907. Sealed proposals will be received at the building and 2 o'clock P. M. Saturday, February 16, for furnishing fuel, lights, water, ice, etc., for the year ending June 30, 1908, such portion of the year as may be deemed advisable. The right to reject any and all bids is reserved by the Treasury Department.

SHERMAN T. NEWTON, Custodian, Feb. 12-14

LADIES' OR. LAFRANCO'S COMPOUND

PORTSMOUTH HALF STOCK ALE. BUDWEISER LAGER. ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

MUSIC HALL

F. W. HARTFORD - - - - - MANAGER

Monday, Feb. 18th.

Engagement Extraordinary

ERNEST SHIPMAN

(Knickerbocker Theatre),

NEW YORK,

offers

America's Most Talented Actress

MARY SHAW

And Associate Cast of Metropolitan Favorites in J. M. Barrie's Masterpiece.

"ALICE-SIT-BY-THE-FIRE"

Author also of "Peter Pan," "The Little Minister," &c., &c., &c.

"Mr. Barrie knows more about mothers and children than any man who ever wrote for the stage."

Prices 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50.

Seat Sale Opens at Music Hall Box Office, Friday morning, Feb. 15th.

OPEN TO THE WORLD.

THE MAMMOTH PLANT OF THE FRANK JONES BREWING COMPANY

Is open to the people of New England and the World to inspect its plant and to see the actual workings of an Up-To-Date Brewery.

There is no manufacturing industry in the world where greater care is used in the preparing of an article for human consumption than in the Brewing of the

Frank Jones Portsmouth Ales

CLEANLINESS AND PURITY OF PRODUCT HAS MADE THE ALES FROM THIS BREWERY THE ENVY OF ALL COMPETITORS.

The Secret of "How to Brew an Ale Equal to the Frank Jones Brand" has never been attained.

BLAKE WHISKEY SCHLITZ' LAGER JONES' ALE

ELDRIDGE'S LAGER PORTSBURGER LAGER

Andrew O. Caswell BOTTLER,

12 1-2 Porter St. - - Telephone Connection.

PORTSMOUTH HALF STOCK ALE.

BUDWEISER LAGER

ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

WHALES SCRATCH BACKS.

Bilge Keels of Ocean Steamers Make Good Barnacle Scrapers for Them.

When a naval architect plans an improvement in marine construction he generally has little thought for its effect on the denizens of the sea. The man who invented bilge keels, however, says a writer on South America, provided the whales of the Brazilian coast just the sort of back scratcher they needed.

Insect pests annoy the whale and barnacles find a home on a large part of his body. Sometimes the monsters may be seen rolling on a shallow sandy bottom to displace these pests or rubbing themselves on the rocks of the reefs.

On one occasion the mail steamer Orissa was stopped during a dense fog a few miles off Santa Maria Island in the Pacific. The coast being dangerous an anchor was let down 60 fathoms or so and the ship allowed to drift in smooth water.

About six o'clock in the morning the captain heard some heavy whale "blows" or "spouts" apparently close at hand. Shortly afterward a continued tremor of the ship was felt. It was too gentle for an earthquake and was varied with bumps. Soon a huge whale rose slowly out of the water and floated alongside, like a bark bottom side up. It again descended and the tremors recommenced.

Then the crew noticed barnacles and shell-fish coming to the surface and the secret was out. The whale was scraping himself—currying himself—on the sharp plate which projected as a stealer from the vessel's bilge.

Not caring to have him so near in case he should smash the boats, the captain had him pelted with potatoes and coal, but he took no notice of it till a piece of coal went into his mouth and was swallowed by mistake. Then he drenched the vessel thoroughly, and "steamed" away, a last flourish of his tail indicating that he was seeking quiet in the greater depths.

PREACHED TO EMPTY SEATS

Vicar Boycotted Had for His Only Hearer Daughter Who Killed Herself.

The strange and unhappy state of affairs which exists at Stokes Lyne, in Oxfordshire, has been brought to light through the tragedy which occurred lately at the local vicarage, relates the London Graphic. The vicar's daughter, a clever girl of 14, committed suicide by taking poison, and at the inquest her father, the Rev. William Bryant, declared that the boy-cotting to which he had been subjected by his parishioners had preyed upon the child's mind and caused her to take her life.

The coroner refused to accept Mr. Bryant's statement as evidence, and in consequence the vicar has communicated with the home office with a view to a further inquiry.

The position at Stoke Lyne appears to be far worse than may be imagined from the inquest reports. Mr. Bryant was appointed vicar of the parish in 1892, and in 1897, differences seem to have arisen between him and some of his leading people. The strained relations grew worse until about two years ago Mr. Bryant found himself with one supporter—his little daughter.

Sunday after Sunday has passed, festival has succeeded fast, and Mr. Bryant has gone on conducting his services in a church empty but for the little girl and an occasional stranger.

He is without choir and organist, has to act as his own bell ringer and can find no one even to clean the building. In March, 1904, the ass of the school building was refused to the vicar by a meeting of the managers. On Sunday the vicar conducted the service as usual, but there was no one present to join him, the sad incident at the vicarage having deprived him of his only follower.

Mirror Better Than Medicine.

A ward patient in Roosevelt hospital grew gradually weaker without any apparent reason. "She's fretting herself to death about something," said the nurse. "If she would only let me I think she would get better." By and by the patient did open her mind and heart. "I could only see myself," she wept. "I'd feel different. I know I must look like death or you'd let me have a looking glass." It was against the rules to supply patients in that ward with mirrors, but the nurse, recognizing the gravity of that particular case, smuggled in a small hand glass. The result was miraculous. "Why, dear me," said the sick woman, "I don't look half so bad as I supposed I did." And from that hour she began to improve.—N. Y. Sun.

Pertinent Inquiry.

"I—aw—have" an idea, doncher know," began young Sapplegah, and—"Excuse me," interrupted Miss Causitque, "but are you quite certain of your ability to distinguish between ideas and wheels?"—Chicago Daily News.

That Ward Meeting.

Mrs. Rounder—So you addressed a ward meeting last night? Did you have a full house?
Mr. Rounder (absently)—Once, but the other fellow held fours.—Cleveland Leader.

Shifted Phraseology.

"Billionaires are becoming great founders of colleges."
"Yes. Or it might be expressed, colleges are becoming great founders of billionaires."—Washington Star.

MODEL OF OLD CITADELS.

Hotel of French Village That Is a Reminder of the Feudal Past.

If one desired to look for a model and type of the citadels of a past, tottering but still resistant, one that carries its banner high, one could not do better than to visit the Hotel de La Rochefoucauld-Doudeauville, writes Camille Gronkowski, in "French Chateaux," in Century. In the very aristocratic Rue de Varennes, all of stone, one notes the almost complete absence of those horrible six-story houses, veritable barracks which now overwhelm Paris with their pretentious ugliness. High gates with coats of arms, big roofs peeping over walls, spaces between houses, and a few trees, even, extending their centuries branches almost over the street, which conceal the nests of birds. One reads on the door the name De La Rochefoucauld, and an entire past is evoked, but that is the only sign given the passer-by. Who is it lives behind the monumental portal? Is the palace a vast one? Are the pleasures of a park allowed the lucky owner of the residence? Behind that first wall, a whole seigniorial existence plays its part, far off and unrevealing. This touch of the unknown—is it not symbolic? It gives one at the very threshold a hint of splendor and isolation.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN ITALY

Has Suddenly Become a Subject of Much Interest in That Country.

The question of woman suffrage has suddenly and most unexpectedly assumed large and amusing proportions in Italy. Last year the idea of women voting was regarded as a purely academic one, while 12 months later it is looming so large that many "mere men" are rushing into print for the purpose of proving the inferiority of the woman.

Signorina Sacchi, who applied to the proper authorities to be allowed to vote, on the ground that it is not forbidden by Italian law, was benevolently listened to, and her name inserted in the voting list, her example being followed by many others. But—and here is the rub—the lists must be submitted to a higher authority, and he may, and probably will, refuse the desired permission. Meanwhile, a constituency has fallen vacant, and its enterprising electors have invited Signorina Sacchi to stand, the idea being to make her a deputy before the electoral lists are revised! Thus she stands a very fair chance of going down to posterity as the first woman deputy in Europe, and of having attained this triumph of "feminism" in a country centuries behind others in such ideas, and where woman is still regarded as too precious a possession to walk alone or be allowed full liberty in anything.

GUN COTTON AS FUEL.

Will Probably Be Used by United States Navy in Coming Emergencies.

"Light another hundred-foot candle of condensed gun cotton! We must make the next mile in less than a minute!"

That command, or something like it, will be given by the commander of a United States torpedo boat in the next war in which this country may unhappily be engaged, writes Mr. W. A. Stewart, in Technical World Magazine. It will not mean that, finding his ship in a desperate situation, the captain has decided to blow himself and his whole command out of the water. It will signify only the adoption as emergency fuel of the wonderful new compound, "motorite," a secret composition of gun cotton and nitroglycerine, invented by Hiram Maxim, whose "Maximite" is the high explosive now used by the government in submarine torpedoes.

Motorite for fuel use is packed in long steel tubes and under forced draft can furnish an almost unlimited amount of power for a short distance.

Bad Men in Nevada.

There being no jail at this place, and the deputy sheriffs being unable to compel immediate departure of unwelcome persons, they have resorted, says a Manhattan correspondence of the Sacramento Bee, to the extremity of handcuffing them with their arms about cedar trees. Every day this week a trip down the gulch showed several bad men with their arms wrapped affectionately about tall cedars, where they were allowed to remain until the punishment equalled their offence.

Sat Cattle Affair.

A few days ago two cowboys on the Matador ranch near Channing were dipping cattle in oil. They found one unbranded steer and, after dipping it, branded it. The heat of the branding iron set fire to the hair of the animal, which was soaked with oil, and it immediately dashed into a bunch of steers which had been dipped in the same fluid a few minutes before, setting them afire, from which 40 died.—Texas Trumpet.

Rival of Gibraltar.

The Straits of Gibraltar are at present dominated by Great Britain's great fortress, Gibraltar Rock. The navigable waters of the straits are about six miles wide at its narrowest point. Opposite the rock they are about six miles wide at the narrowest of the rock lies Ceuta, which the Spaniards have sought to make an invulnerable rival to the frowning heights across the straits.

Married 51 Years

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Weiblen, of 567 Forest Street, St. Paul, Minn., who have been married fifty-one years, are hale, hearty and vigorous. Mr. Weiblen at the age of seventy-one and Mrs. Weiblen at the age of seventy-three, thanks to the great renewer of youth, Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey.

Mr. Weiblen served in the United States Navy during the War of the Rebellion and was in business twenty-two years in Cumberland, Wis., before he moved to St. Paul.



MR. AND MRS. F. A. WEIBLEN.

"It is true we have been using your malt whiskey in small doses for some time for kidney trouble, and have found wonderful benefit from its use. We shall keep it on hand for use when occasion requires."—F. A. Weiblen and wife, 567 Forest St., St. Paul, Minn., July 11, 1906.

Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey

is an absolutely pure gentle and invigorating stimulant and tonic, it builds up the nerve tissues, tones up the heart, gives power to the brain, strength and elasticity to the muscles, and richness to the blood. It brings into action all the vital forces, it makes digestion perfect, and enables you to get from the food you eat all the nourishment it contains. It is invaluable for overworked men, delicate women and sickly children, as it is a food already digested. It strengthens and sustains the system, is a promoter of good health and longevity, makes the old young and keeps the young strong. Duffy's is recognized as a medicine everywhere, and is guaranteed absolutely pure. Skilled chemists, whenever they analyzed it during the past fifty years, have always found it pure and possessing properties of great medicinal value. Our guarantee is on every bottle.

BEWARE of dangerous imitations and substitutes. They are positively harmful and are sold for profit only by unscrupulous dealers. Look for the trade-mark, the "Old Chemist," on the label, and be certain the seal over the cork is unbroken. All druggists, grocers or dealers or direct \$1.00 a bottle. Doctor's advice and illustrated medical booklet free. Duffy Malt Whiskey Co., Rochester, New York.



THE THEATRICAL FOLK

Best of the Barrie Comedies

"Alice Sit by the Fire," the best of the Barrie comedies with clever Mary Shaw and an exceptional New York cast, will be the attraction of undoubted merit at Music Hall next Monday evening. Miss Shaw will be remembered for her excellent work in



Mary Shaw in "Alice Sit by the Fire"

Ibsen's "Ghosts," of which the New York public has not yet ceased talking, also in "Hilda Gahr," and numerous other plays. Miss Shaw is supported by Frederic Sydney, Ernest Truax, Miss Virginia Kline, Miss Kate Guyon, etc., and carries the complete New York Criterion Theatre production.

Competent Stage Management

The favorite emotional drama, "East Lynne," will be presented by Joseph Kling's company at Music Hall on Feb. 23. Competent stage management, an adequate scenic equipment and complete accessories are promised.

The engagement is for one night only.

"Way Down East"

William A. Brady's production of "Way Down East," heralded as the "perennial favorite," follows "Ben Hur" at the Boston Theatre, the engagement opening next Monday evening.

This dear old play has prompted vast and enthusiastic praise from people in every walk of life, including thousands who are seldom seen inside the walls of a theatre. Miss Phoebe Davis still portrays the character of Anna Moore and is ably supported by Robert Kitchner as Squire Bartlett; Ella Hugh Wood as the mischievous making gossip neighbor; Ulick B. Collins as David Bartlett;

Mabel Strickland as Kate Brewster; Frank Carrier as Prof. Sterling; Mary Davenport as motherly Mrs. Bartlett; Frank Bell as the fussy old town constable; James T. Galloway as Seth Holcombe, with his "long life bitters"; John E. Brennan as H. H. Hutter, the chore boy, with his "Pick-a-lin's From Puck"; and Bert Plamberg, as the city man, Lennox Sanderson. The famous village choir is composed of Thomas Wright, tenor; Estelle Ward, soprano; Harry Everett, bass; and Jeanne Millard, contralto.

There will be a special Washington's birthday matinee in addition to the regular Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

OBITUARY

Ira Francis Pinkham

The death recently occurred at his home at Dover Point of Ira Francis Pinkham, aged seventy-three years, eight months and twenty-eight days.

Mr. Pinkham was the son of Enoch and Hannah Pinkham and was born at the family homestead at Dover Point on May 17, 1833. His entire life was passed at Dover Point. He was for many years engaged in the business of river freighting to the days when gondolas were in use. For nearly forty years afterward he was interested in the manufacture of brick and was an expert brick burner. His services were in great demand among brick manufacturers of this section.

Mr. Pinkham was upright and honest in all his dealings with his fellow men. He was a kind neighbor and friend and esteemed by all who had business with him. He lived in the house in which he died for fifty-four years. In his death the members of the family suffer a double bereavement, as on Jan. 21 of this year his wife passed away.

Four years ago last October they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary, which was attended by many relatives and friends. Mr. Pinkham is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Son M. Saunders of Dover Point and Mrs. J. Wallace Spence of Dover and by one sister, Mrs. Edwin Coleman of Newington.

The funeral will be at his late home at Dover Point on Saturday afternoon at two o'clock.

PRESIDENT TUTTLE ARRIVES

President Lucius Tuttle of the Boston and Maine railroad arrived in this city on a special train at three o'clock this afternoon.

Showboat devotees are having great sport up the state.

POWER FROM HERE

To Be Furnished to Electric Railway Lines

The trolley lines of the Haverhill and Amesbury and the Citizens' Electric railways, which are parts of the Merrimack Valley electric railway, will soon be furnished with power from the plant of the Rockingham County Light and Power Company.

The power will be sent from here to a transforming station on Ring's Island and distributed from there. This does away with a power station at Newburyport and will compel the city government of that municipality to find a new location for the fire alarm whistle.

AT THE NAVY YARD

The board for considering weekly payments and other changes and improvements was in session today.

Bids for the sale of the wooden dry dock have not yet been ordered printed.

The work of exterminating the brown-tail moths about the yard and station will soon be started.

The steam engineering department is busy repairing the stores allowed the Newport by the navy department when that ship goes to the Maryland state militia.

Stores for the U. S. S. Chester, now building at Bath, are being sent to this yard, where that ship is expected to be put in commission.

The working hours of prisoners of the Southern has been lengthened on work about the yard.

Leonard Chestnut, stenographer in the steam engineering department, has recovered from his recent illness and will resume his duties on Monday next.

The U. S. S. Austria, expected here next week, will be berthed at the storehouse dock.

The work of sweating on the iron hoops on the masts of the old Constitution in the mast house is certainly a fine specimen of workmanship. It is being done by the men of the construction and repair department.

A MEMORIAL SERVICE

City of Portsmouth Council, Knights of Columbus, will attend a memorial requiem mass to be offered on Washington's birthday for the dead members of the order.

Puzzled Doctors.

There is a baby in St. Louis that at the age of nine months is able to talk fluently. The child began to give utterance to words when it was but six months old, and now has an extensive vocabulary. Doctors who have heard the little one converse are puzzled. But doctors sometimes become puzzled over very simple things. The baby is a girl.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Motor Industry in England.

The motor car industry bids fair to become one of our most important manufacturing industries. It may be estimated that the amount of capital now invested in the industry will exceed \$58,308,000, and the total output of vehicles of all kinds by British manufacturers for the current year can not fall far short of 18,000, with an approximate value of \$21,899,260.—London Economist.

Anglicized French.

For two centuries we have been crying "Encore!" at the end of a song, where a Frenchman never says it, his own equivalent for it, strangely, being the Latin "Bis!" And "on the tapis" appears in English far more often than in French, and misunderstood at that, since it does not mean "on the carpet," but on the table-cloth of the council table for discussion.

Too Much of a Hurry.

There is nothing like being stylish, even at funerals. An example of this comes from the Back Bay, where an investigation of the reported death of a millionaire's wife, known to be very ill, was found to have arisen through her husband having ordered mourning livery for his butler, coachman and footman.—Boston Herald.

Thumbless Monkeys.

The radical difference between the hand of man and of the monkey lies in the thumb. In the human hand the thumb has the "opposing power," which means that the thumb can be made to touch the tip of each of any of the other fingers on the same hand; the monkey's thumb is non-opposable.

Nothing Done.

He was a sandy-haired and badly reared youth, but he had matrimonial aspirations just the same so he proposed to the maid of his choice. "No, John, there's nothing doing," she replied. "I'm willing to marry, all right, but I want a man that's all one color."—Chicago Daily News.

CURRENT VERSE.

You Big, Strong Man.
You big, strong man, with your bullying way
And your bulging muscles and lordly pride,
Scouring what others may think or say,
Do you ever think as you plunge along,
Of the day when, a weak and pitiful thing,
You shall hang by a hand that is kind
And strong
To which you may cling?

You big, strong man, with your cynical sneer
And your scorn for the weak whom you trample down,
Spurning the cripple and rousing fear
In the hearts of those upon whom you frown,
Do you ever pause in your headlong course
To think of the day that must surely come
When your baby fist shall have lost its force
And your lips be dumb?

You big, strong man, with your bullying grin
And your bulging muscles and ruthless grip,
You shall limply lie on your back some day,
With a look of dread and a trembling lip,
And as weak as the puniest child ever was,
You shall sigh for the grace of a woman's kiss
And her parting prayer: Do you ever pause to consider this?
—S. E. Kiser.

Age and Song.

To vain men tell us time can alter
Old loves or make old memories fatter,
That with the old year the old year's life closes
The old dew still falls on the old sweet flowers,
The old sun revives the new-fledged hours,
The old summer rears the new-born roses.

Much more a Muse that bears upon her
Raiment and wreath and flower of honor,
Gather'd long since and long since woven,
That lives in light above men's lives,
—Algeron Charles Swinburne.

Fades not or falls as falls the vernal blossoms that bear no fruit eternal,
By summer of winter clung or cloven.
No time casts down, no time upraises
Such loves, such memories and such prizes.
As need be grace of sun or shower,
No saving screen from frost or thunder,
To lend and house around and under
The imperishable and peerless flower.

Old thanks, old thoughts, old aspirations,
Outlive men's lives and lives of millions,
Dead, but for one thing which survives—
The lifeless and unpriced treasure,
The old joy of power, the old pride of
That lives in light above men's lives,
—Algeron Charles Swinburne.

Peggy Gets Everything.
His gold beams a-spinning, I asked of
If he ever had any to spare;
"Only once," he replied, "too many I spun,
And I gave them to Peggy for hair."

I asked of the sky if his stars were all right,
Or if he had over-supplied;
He said, "I had two which were rather too bright,
So I gave them to Peggy for eyes."

I asked of some fays who were cutting out flowers,
If they had any remnants or scraps;
They said: "We had scraps of these people of ours,
But we gave them to Peggy for lips."

I said to the rain: "What becomes of the drops
That you may not have used when it rains?"
He said: "If there are any left when it rains,
I'll give them to Peggy for tears."

I said to the wind: "What becomes of the sighs
That you may not have used when it blows?"
He said: "If there are any left when it blows,
I'll give them to Peggy for sighs."

I said to the sun: "What becomes of the rays
That you may not have used when it shines?"
He said: "If there are any left when it shines,
I'll give them to Peggy for eyes."

I said to the moon: "What becomes of the beams
That you may not have used when it shines?"
He said: "If there are any left when it shines,
I'll give them to Peggy for eyes."

I said to the stars: "What becomes of the lights
That you may not have used when it shines?"
He said: "If there are any left when it shines,
I'll give them to Peggy for eyes."

I said to the clouds: "What becomes of the rain
That you may not have used when it rains?"
He said: "If there are any left when it rains,
I'll give them to Peggy for tears."

I said to the wind: "What becomes of the sighs
That you may not have used when it blows?"
He said: "If there are any left when it blows,
I'll give them to Peggy for sighs."

I said to the sun: "What becomes of the rays
That you may not have used when it shines?"
He said: "If there are any left when it shines,
I'll give them to Peggy for eyes."

I said to the moon: "What becomes of the beams
That you may not have used when it shines?"
He said: "If there are any left when it shines,
I'll give them to Peggy for eyes."

I said to the stars: "What becomes of the lights
That you may not have used when it shines?"
He said: "If there are any left when it shines,
I'll give them to Peggy for eyes."

I said to the clouds: "What becomes of the rain
That you may not have used when it rains?"
He said: "If there are any left when it rains,
I'll give them to Peggy for tears."

MUSIC HALL

F. W. HARTFORD, MANAGER

Tuesday, Feb. 19th,

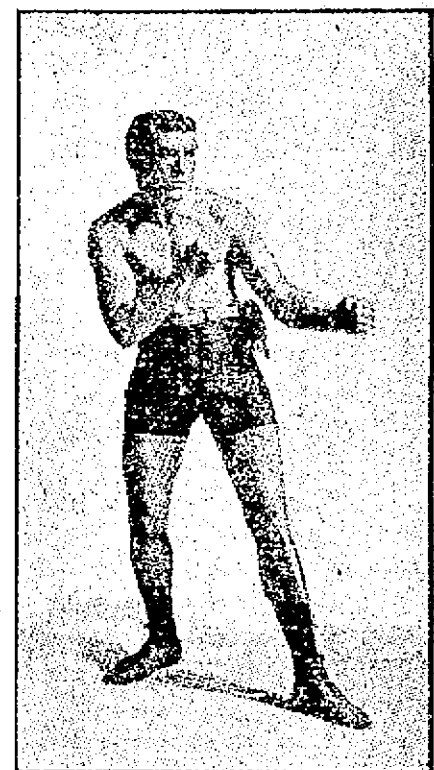
AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

Matinee 3 P. M. Evening 8:15.

Miles Bros.' Moving Pictures

— OF THE —

O'Brien - Burns FIGHT



PHILADELPHIA JACK O'BRIEN.

ENTIRE TWENTY ROUNDS.

The Only Original Pictures Taken at the Ringside (Los Angeles) Thanksgiving Eve.

DIRECT FROM MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK CITY.

Matinee Prices 15c, 25c.

Evening Prices 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

Seats on sale at Music Hall Box Office Saturday morning, Feb. 16th.

Attractive Contract

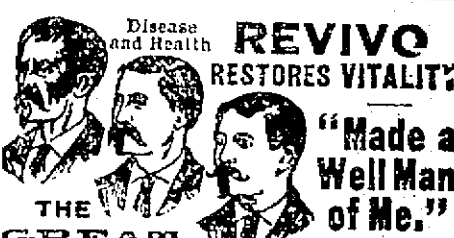
The Travelers Ins. Co. is offering to Preferred Risks a \$500.00 Accident Policy, which at the end of five years becomes worth \$7,500.00 and at some time insures the Beneficiary for \$300.00 while travelling, weekly in demerit which would be paid the insured under the double benefit is \$50.00 a week, not exceeding 400 weeks.

The Annual Premium for such a Contract is only \$25.00. The Travelers Ins. Co., being the largest Accident Co. in the World, it is reasonable to presume that its Contracts are the most liberal.

This Co. also writes Health and Liability Insurance.

C. E. TRAFTON

DISTRICT AGENT.



Revivo Restores Vitality
"Made a Well Man of Me."
THE GREAT REVIVO REMEDY produces fine results in 30 days. It gets powerfully and quickly. Cures when others fail. Young men can regain their lost manhood and old men may recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and quietly removes Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Sexual Weakness, such as Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Disease, and effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion, which units one for study, business or marriage. It not only cures by setting at the seat of disease, but is a great nerve tonic and blood builder, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It works off approaching disease. Lasting enervating REVIVO, no other. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail, \$1.00 per package, or six for \$5.00. We give free advice and counsel to all who write with guarantee. Circulars free. Address: ROYAL MEDICINE CO., Marine Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

For sale in Portsmouth by G. E. PHILPRICK, DRUGGIST.

Decorations for Weddings

Flowers Furnished For All Occasions.

FUNERAL DESIGNS A SPECIALTY.

CAFSTICK'S, ROGERS STREET

Published every evening, Sundays and holidays excepted.

Terms, \$4.00 a year, when paid in advance, 50 cents a month, 2 cents per copy, delivered in any part of the city or sent by mail.

Advertising rates reasonable and made known upon application.

Communications should be addressed

F. W. Hartford, Editor.

HERALD PUBLISHING CO., PUBLISHERS.

Portsmouth, N. H.

Telephone 37-2.

Entered at the Portsmouth, N. H., Postoffice as second class mail matter.

For Portsmouth and Portsmouth's Interests.

You want local news? Read The Herald. More local news than any other local dailies combined. Try it.

FRIDAY, FEB. 15, 1907.

THE PRESENT CRISIS

Sermons are proverbially unpopular and no modern newspaper preaches sermons without cause, but at times the necessity arises for a consideration of conditions in a spirit that might lay one open to the charge of sermonizing.

Probably never before in the history of the world was there greater need of a complete and a clear minded knowledge of the conditions that surround us than in our own times. Probably never before was there greater need of men in public life with strong moral convictions and the courage to give the principles arising from those convictions practical application.

The Herald disclaims pessimism but it cannot be blind to the fact that our nation has been fairly drunk with wealth. The United States has gained in power, in prestige and in riches so rapidly that it would be strange, indeed, if Americans had not, for a time, at least, come to regard material prosperity as the all important thing. No one will deny the advantage of material prosperity and no patriotic American would wish to see his country lose one iota of its power or its wealth. The man who sees clearly, nevertheless, cannot but view with uneasiness a tendency to enshrine wealth and to make the amassing of fortunes the great object in life of the young men of the nation.

There are greater things than riches; greater things than mere worldly success. That man who strives to lead his countrymen into paths of civic and national virtue is the man who should be honored. It is he who is the real patriot, the real hero.

In a recent article in McClure's Magazine, William Allen White, called by a great editorial writer the American journalist of today who is most truly wise, refers to President Roosevelt as a force for righteousness. Our President was never more aptly described. Whatever mistakes he has made, whether the results of impulse, mistaken loyalty to friends, or error in judgment, he has always stood for all that is best in America. He has, in fact, in private and public life, considering his motives alone, represented the truly American ideal.

It is this that makes him so invaluable in what, if we are honest, we must regard as a crisis. If America does not now stand at the parting of the ways, all signs have been wrongly read. It is fortunate indeed that at this time men like Roosevelt, Folk, Denen and Hughes have come to the front. Whether these men are great statesmen or not is unimportant. The Herald regards Mr. Roosevelt as one of the greatest of Americans of any time, but on this point it is not at present disposed to argue. It does insist, however, that the coming of Theodore Roosevelt was most opportune, for he rose to the highest place in the land at a moment when a force for righteousness was most badly needed. The Herald believes that ere many years have passed real patriots everywhere, regardless of differences of opinion on minor points, will share this view.

It is no longer the fashion to sneer at idealism and we owe it to Roosevelt and the men who have risen after him that this is true. If we suc-

ceed in working out our salvation, it will be very largely due to the influence of the men who have given us a new view of national ideals and responsibilities.

OUR EXCHANGES

At Clairfontaine

If gentle joys e'er found a glass, 'Twas in the land of fair Alsace, Half German and half French, Where wit's sublimed to wisdom's way

Where wit's sublimed to wisdom's way Of taking life as 'tis today And comfort on a bench.

When last I strayed through sweet Lorraine,

'Twas long I stayed at Clairfontaine Imbibing beanjols.

With crayfish soup and charr superb And good roast beef and bitter herb I made my dinner gay.

The brook that tinkled by the hedge I knew was bawling o'er the lodge

Of rock that lower lay; But here it ran too soft to drown

The rich swift trill the birds in brown Kept hitting all the day.

The open window let the bees Hum in and out while Gruyere cheese

Prelude d'chasse-cafe. Dear heart! let's go to Clairfontaine

When cherries should thy sweet lips stain;

'Tis thou wilt ask to stay!

Charles Woodward Hutton in Appleton's Magazine, February number.

Our Sentiments, Too

Granite state Daughters of the Revolution will present a stand of colors to the Battleship New Hampshire when she visits Portsmouth. May these colors never figure in scenes as stormy as those through which the Portsmouth women's flag passed with John Paul Jones; but if they must go into battle, may they come out gloriously triumphant.—Manchester Union.

Poor Old Spain

Spanish America is more capable incapable of self government than Spain. Spain is the most reactionary government in Europe, Russia only excepted, and it looks as if Russia is soon to be in advance of Spain, so far as constitutional government is concerned.—Leviston Journal.

Two Feet Deep

Dr. Wylie, in his latest exposure of the things we must not eat and drink says "we must keep our cells limp." If we heeded everything we hear about food, we should soon have to keep them padded.—New York Mail.

Trying It On The Count

It is a little humiliating to a man of Count Witte's importance to find that the infernal machines set for him were merely imperfect experimental affairs.—Washington Star.

But Not Popular

It is announced that purple is going to be a fashionable color with men next Summer. It is quite fashionable now with the men who get up in the morning to build the fire, when the mercury is hovering around zero.—Lowell Mail.

Good Material For Shaw

Of course George Bernard Shaw will dramatize the "Hay trial and call it "Fine and Superfine" or something like that.—Boston Journal.

SIXTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY OF ELIHU ROOT

Elihu Root, who has been secretary of state since July, 1905, was born at Clinton, N. Y., February 15, 1845. He graduated at the age of 19 from Hamilton College, where his father was professor of mathematics. For a year or so he was a teacher at Rome Academy, and in 1867 took his diploma from the New York Law School. Then began his apprenticeship and afterwards his practice of law in New York City. As a young

AVOID LUNG TROUBLE

Take one-half ounce Virgin Oil of Pine (Pure), two ounces of Glycerine and eight ounces of good whiskey. Shake well and take in teaspoonful doses every four hours. It is said to break up a cold in twenty-four hours, and cure any cough that is curable.

An eminent authority on lung trouble says if this simple and effective formula was known and generally used, throat, lung and bronchial affections would seldom reach an acute stage. Care should be used in selecting pure ingredients, and to avoid substitution it is best that they be purchased separately and mix in your own home.

The Virgin Oil of Pine (Pure) should be purchased in the original half-ounce vials put up expressly for druggists to dispense. Each vial is securely sealed in a round wooden case, with engraved wrapper, with the name—"Virgin Oil of Pine (Pure)"—plainly printed thereon. Only the cheaper Oils are sold in bulk, but these produce nausea, and never effect the desired results.

lawyer, Mr. Root took an active interest in politics. He became a leader in the Republican organization in his assembly district and ran once for the position of Judge of Common Pleas, but was defeated. His law practice was extensive and lucrative, and he bore his part in many a strenuous legal battle. In 1899 Mr. Root was appointed Secretary of War by President McKinley, and held this position until 1904. Then for somewhat over a year he devoted himself to private business, but returned to the cabinet on the death of the late Secretary John Hay.

THOSE ROBINS

We all have heard the tale about "The robins in the pie, But there's another 'round the town Called robins in the eye. Some people see illusions That show that they're insane; Now there's an epidemic here Called robins on the brain.

While the Wintery winds are freezing Into ice the morning dew, The feather heads into your ears Are springing something new. They'll meet you on the corners With a broad Geo. Washington smile, And say they saw some robins Roost on an old wood pile.

They'll say we'll soon have Summer, That Spring will soon be here, That the flowers will all start blooming When the robin doth appear. But I think they saw those robins In a dream while in a bed, Or else a dead one on a hat Upon some lady's head. For the robins haven't left the South Or the ground hog left his hole While the feather heads shoot off their month Just keep on buying coal.

—D. H.

NOTICE

There will be a public meeting on the proposed tax assessors bill at the city rooms this evening at eight o'clock.

P. J. PHILLBROOK, Chairman.

CLASS TO BANQUET

The class of 1902, New Hampshire College, will have a banquet at The Rockingham next Wednesday evening.

A busy industry is the Atlas Manufacturing Company of Hampton.

PAUL JONES CLUB

Held 11th Annual Banquet At The Rockingham

WITH INTERESTING ADDRESSES LAST EVENING

At the Rockingham on Thursday evening was held the eleventh annual banquet of the Paul Jones Club, Sons of the American Revolution. Guests of honor were the members of the Helen Seavey Quilting Party and Hon. Moses G. Parker, president of the Massachusetts Society, Sons of the American Revolution.

Manager Hughes provided for the diners a very tempting repast, the dishes being given names suggestive of notable incidents in the career of the naval hero whose name the Paul Jones Club bears. The bill of fare was as follows:

Piscataqua Blue Points Radishes Fancy Olives Admiral La Motte, Plquet Soup Quiberon Bay Fish, Maitre D'Hotel Hashed Brown Potatoes Cutlet Sweet Bread a la Carrickfergus Roast Spring Chicken Mashed Potatoes

Green Peas

Hubbard Squash

General Horace Porter Punch Admiral Sigbee Dominoes

Assorted Cake

Cream Cheese, a la Holland American Cheese

English Toasted Crackers Annapolis Coffee

President Hill welcomed the guests in the following words:

Ladies of the Helen Seavey Quilting Party, guests and members:—On behalf of the Paul Jones Club, I bid you welcome.

While we have done our utmost this year to make our banquet better than those of previous years, I am forced to admit—and it takes courage to say it—that we are a long way behind that of last year, when the Ladies of the Helen Seavey Quilting Party did the honors.

In looking over the records of the previous celebrations of this club, I find that everything possible has been said of Paul Jones, so I will confine my brief remarks to the heroic incentives left to those of us in the naval service, and, for that matter, to all who enjoy the liberty made possible by the sacrifices of our battles on land and sea.

Emerson has said—or was it Dooley—that a man should not hesitate to salute the world in the dialect of his calling, so this will be my excuse for two adjectives that I will use this evening to be historically correct.

The heroes of each generation are beckoned onward by the shades of the graves that were, "Surrender! I haven't commenced to fight yet!" wasn't this an incentive to Lawrence when, desperately wounded, on the Chesapeake in the fight with the Shannon, he gave us another immortal phrase: "Don't give up the ship."

And Farragut, lashed to the mizen rigging of the Hartford, in passing the forts at Mobile, when torpedoes were reported, "Damn the torpedoes, go ahead."

And I can hear Schley now under the murderous fire of Cervera's fleet as it passed through Santiago's Inlet, "Give them Hell, bullies."

One more illustration in which I was a participant, and I will close. On the afternoon of June 2, 1898, off Santiago de Cuba, I was ordered to pick a volunteer from the crew of the Brooklyn to make up a crew for the Merrimac, which was to be sunk in the mouth of the harbor of Santiago that night.

To place the Merrimac in position for sinking, in order to block the entrance to the harbor, it was necessary to take her through a narrow channel less than 300 feet wide, with batteries so placed that a plunging fire could be directed from the high banks on both sides, making it an extra hazardous undertaking.

After the call of attention by whist, and then, "Do ye hear there, there is one volunteer wanted to make up a crew to take the Merrimac into the harbor tonight and sink her."

In an instant the decks were one shouting, struggling mass of men, with hands up, crying: "Mr. Hill, I'll go! I'll go!"

Were not these men beckoned onward by the shades of Jones, Decatur, Hull, Bainbridge, Barry, Cushing, Farragut, and countless others?

Now won't you agree with me when I say that as long as such men man our fleets, we never can be beaten.

After the banquet, Hon. Mr. Parker addressed the members of the club giving one of the most interesting talks yet heard at a Paul Jones Club banquet.

He spoke as follows: Mr. President, Compatriots, Ladies

and Gentlemen of the Paul Jones Club, S. A. R.—I deem it a distinguished honor to be invited to your annual banquet this evening with your ladies present, and bring to you all not only the greetings of the Massachusetts Society, S. A. R., but also the greetings of the National Society, Sons of the American Revolution.

The Massachusetts Society, Sons of the American Revolution, remembers the great pleasure that the Paul Jones Club, S. A. R., gave to its members when they held their annual Field day here in Portsmouth Sept. 23, 1905, and assisted in dedicating the tablet that marks the place where the sloop of war Ranger was built in 1777.

We hold the Paul Jones Club so dear to us that in speaking this evening I shall speak to you as if you were one of our own chapters giving a little of the society's early history and what some of our chapters are doing.

The origin of patriotic societies is due to California. In 1875 some Californians formed a society something after the Society of the Cincinnati, but much broader. It was not confined to the thirteen states, but was to take in all the United States, and all descended from Revolutionary sires, and "Sons of Revolutionary Sires" was to be its name. Invitations were sent to all the states asking them to form societies. Little advance was made before 1883, when New York formed an independent society, calling it "Sons of the Revolution," and invited all the states to form societies auxiliary to the New York society. Pennsylvania and New Jersey formed societies, but not as auxiliary to New York, and through the activity of the New Jersey society, some twenty societies of Sons of the Revolution were formed by 1889. Early in this year thirteen of these societies met to form a national society, desiring to unite themselves more closely together and hoping that the New York society would rescind its auxiliary clause, and let these societies in on a common basis. This the New York society refused to do. Then the thirteen societies immediately formed a national society of their own and called it "Sons of the American Revolution," drew up their constitution, fixed their annual dues and before the year was ended eighteen state societies had joined the national society, Sons of the American Revolution.

The Massachusetts records show that on March 30, 1889, a few men met at the state house and organized a temporary society, and on April 19, they made it permanent; on the

(Continued on fifth page).

You Know

How to appreciate a good meal WE KNOW How to prepare one and serve it. Just drop in at

The Blue Front Restaurant 7 Vaughan Street Meals at all hours

Octave Latourelle, Proprietor. Frank Goings, Chef.

REVERE HOUSE

BOWDOIN SQUARE, BOSTON. Under new management. Single rooms with use of bath, \$1.00. Rooms with bath, \$1.50. Suites of large parlor, chamber and private bath, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00. Headquarters for Frank Jones' Ales and broil live lobster.

R. S. Harrison, A. C. Featherstone, Props.

ST. DENIS

BROADWAY AND 11TH STREET NEW YORK CITY. Within Easy Access of Every Point of Interest. Half Block from Wampanoag's. 5 minutes' walk of Shopping District. NOTED FOR: Excellence of Cuisine, Comfortable Apartments, Courteous Service and Homelike Surroundings. ROOMS \$1.50 PER DAY AND UP EUROPEAN PLAN. Table d'Hote Breakfast 50c. WM. TAYLOR & SON, Inc. HOTEL MARTINIQUE, Broadway & 53rd Street.

Sacramento Chinese Restaurant

American and Chinese Dishes. Chop Suey a Specialty.

All kinds of meats, chicken and soups served in American or Chinese style. Ten and Chinese preserves. Orders put up to take out

CHARLIE SING, 13 1-2 Daniel St.

WANT ADS.

SUCH AS FOR SALE, WANTED, TO LET, LOST FOUND, ETC.

One Cent a Word.

For Each Insertion.

3 LINES ONE WEEK 40 CENTS.

LOST—6 mos. old fox terrier with collar and bell with no name. One black spot on back and brown on head. Return to G. H. Carlton, 8 Marcy street. ch14-1w

WANTED—Everybody to attend the Donation Party and Sale in Freeman's Hall, Feb. 20, at 8 o'clock, for the benefit of the Inasmuch Circle of King's Daughters. Adults 25c; children under 14 years of age 15c. ch14-1w

EXCHANGED—Will the gentleman who exchanged coats at I. O. O. F. Hall Monday evening, please call at 5 Hill street. ch12-1w

TO LET—House No. 21 Lincoln avenue, electric light, gas, and all modern improvements. Inquire of John N. Goodall, 63 Richards avenue. ch18-1w

FOR SALE—House of six rooms, 1 Manning street. Apply at 9 South street. F7hc 3w

FOR SALE—A dozen second hand doors. Inquire at this office. ch15tf

FOR SALE—Beach lot at Wallis Sands, fronting on beach. Address B. F. D., this office. ch13tf

FOR SALE—Quantity of iron grating such as is used in banks. Inquire at this office. ch15tf

FOR SALE—Large bank desk, formerly used at Portsmouth Savings Bank. Inquire at this office. ch15tf

PLACARDS—For Sale, To Let, Furnished Rooms, etc., can be had at the Chronicle office.

FOR SALE—Electric motors; one 12 horse power, one 3 horse power. Inquire at this office.

PRINTING—Get estimates from the Chronicle on all kinds of work.

WHIST SCORE CARDS—For sale at this office

Boston Tavern.

Ready to Theatres and in the Heart of the Business District. Ordway Pl. & 347 Washington S



STRICTLY FIREPROOF. PRIVATE DINING ROOMS. THEATRE AND DINNER PARTIES A SPECIALTY.

THOMAS E. CALL & SON

DEALER IN Eastern and Western

LUMBER

Shingles, Cleats, Boards, Pickets, Etc. for Cash or Lowest Market Prices. Market Street, Portsmouth, N. H.

F. S. TOWLE, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon 84 STATE ST., PORTSMOUTH, N. H. Office Hours—Until 6 p. m.; 8:30 a. m. and 7 to 9 p. m.

J. W. BARRETT,

Plumbing and Heating.

Telephone Connection.

NO. 17 BOW ST.

George A. Jackson CARPENTER

AND BUILDER.

No. 6 Dearborn Street

Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to.

Granite State Fire Insurance Co.

Of Portsmouth, N. H.

Paid-Up Capital, \$200,000

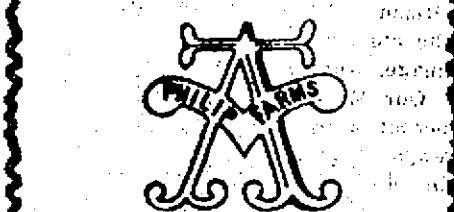
OFFICERS

CALVIN PAGE, President. J. ALBERT WALKER, Vice President. ALFRED F. HOWARD, Secretary. JOHN W. EMERY, Asst. Secretary.

"It Is Excellent"

Says a Leading American Author.

What is excellent? BUTTER made at



ELIOT, MAINE.

CREAM that contains no poisonous preservative.

23

THAT'S OUR NUMBER.

When you call us on telephone you'll not get "Skidoo" or the "Hook," but

GRAY & PRIME

who will give prompt service and send you the best coal mined. Try it

BOOKBINDING

Of Every Description.

Blank Books Made to Order

J. D. RANDALL

Pay's Store Portsmouth, N. H.

GEORGE A. TRAFTON

Blacksmith and Expert Horse Shoer.

STONE TOOL WORK A SPECIALTY

NO. 118 MARKET ST.

PAUL JONES CLUB

(Continued from Fourth Page)

seventeenth of June named it "Massachusetts Society Sons of the American Revolution," adopted its constitution, fixed the annual dues, and named April 19 as its annual meeting.

The constitution says: "The objects of the society are: To perpetuate the memory and spirit of the men who achieved American independence; by the encouragement of historical research in relation to the Revolution and the publication of its results, the preservation of documents and relics, and of the records of the individual services of Revolutionary soldiers and patriots, and the promotion of celebrations of all patriotic anniversaries; to carry out the injunction of Washington in his farewell address to the American people, 'to promote, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge, thus developing an enlightened public opinion and affording to young and old such advantage as shall develop in them the largest capacity for performing the duties of American citizens to cherish, to maintain and extend the institutions of American freedom; to foster true patriotism and love of country, and to aid in securing for mankind all the blessings of liberty."

The First Annual Meeting

The first annual meeting was held at Lexington April 19, 1890, members 260; second annual meeting at Charlestown, April 19, 1891, members 400; third annual meeting at Faneuil Hall, April 19, 1892, members 511; and on April 19, 1907, the date of our next annual meeting, we shall number over 1,500 members.

The Sons of the American Revolution

This society has had and has among its members two presidents of the United States, President McKinley and President Roosevelt; one vice president, Levi P. Morton; one ambassador, Gen. Horace Porter; members of the president's cabinets; judges of the supreme court, senators, representatives of the United States, governors of states and thousands of the best men of the country.

The chapters are chartered by the state society the same as the state society is chartered by the National Society and the chapters can no more do without the state society than the state society can do without the National Society. They are all bound together to form one grand organization.

Our National Society is prosperous and doing good work in publishing bulletins and circulars. The circulars will tell of good government, and what is necessary to make a good citizen. These are to be given to the emigrant, printed in his own language, when he lands on our shores.

Our Massachusetts Society is prosperous and increasing. There is always room for more, and more wish to join; their great difficulty is in fill-

ing out their application papers. Any help you can extend to these in tracing out their ancestors is good patriotic work, and will be gratefully received.

I have visited by invitation fourteen of our chapters, and found it a great pleasure to look into the faces of the men and women descendants of the founders of this great nation.

Our chapters are prosperous and increasing; they are doing good work and enjoy themselves in different ways. The Old Essex Chapter at Lynn has a unique custom of calling upon its members to give some account of the deeds of the ancestors through which they joined the society of the Sons of the American Revolution. This is a good way of informing all the chapter members of the deeds of their ancestors.

Other chapters have their members write historic and genealogical papers and read them at their meetings. I have heard some exceedingly interesting and valuable papers read at these chapter meetings.

Here is a most interesting souvenir from the Worcester chapter. On one page is a copy of what Senator Roe (a member of our society) calls the most interesting page in Worcester's town records.

It is a protest against disloyalty, Aug. 24, 1774. It is so interesting, it was used at a banquet given by the four patriotic societies in Worcester. They called themselves "The Four R's and Worcester is the only city I know of where the S. A. R.'s, S. R. D's, D. A. R.'s and D. R.'s hold their annual banquet together." The history of this remarkable page is this: In 1774 Worcester had a loyalist for town clerk, there being many loyalists in the town. They held a meeting and adopted these resolutions. These resolutions were not the sentiments of the majority of the townspeople. They, therefore, called a town meeting and obliged the clerk not only to erase every word, but to put his finger in the ink and erase with his finger, making the blotches seen on the page.

What has this society done? It has collected much historical matter; it has caused the marking of thousands of Revolutionary soldiers' and sailors' graves throughout the state of Massachusetts (between 5,000 and 6,000). It has placed tablets on ashlers, boulders and buildings to mark historic spots and places.

It has created an interest in patriotic work throughout the United States and in our schools, which is greatly needed by the newcomers to this country.

It has changed the name of Fast Day to Patriots' day.

It has protected our flag and kept it free from the hand of the advertiser.

It has so far protected the old State House in Boston from further business encroachments.

Last, but not least, it has recorded the names of its members and their Revolutionary ancestors in books, and placed these books in our libraries. These are better and more lasting monuments than any you can

erect out of marble or granite. Mrs. O. L. Frisbee, president of the Helen Seavey Quilting Party, responded to the toast of President Hill to the Quilting Party as follows: "Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen:—It is a unique position which I hold tonight; that of speaking to the banquet of the Paul Jones Club. I told your President that the Helen Seavey Quilting Party would do anything in its power to assist the club on this occasion, but to make speeches and since we are to have the pleasure of listening to Dr. Parker, it would seem like carrying coals to New Castle for any one to say anything on this occasion.

"It seems, however, fitting that I should bring to you the friendly greeting of the Quilting Party and to thank you for the kind invitation to be with you this evening. This is one of the many delightful affairs that we have enjoyed together. It is flattering to us that we share with you in your festivities and in your patriotic work.

"I assure you that we rejoice with you in the honors Admiral Jones has received from a grateful people since we last met in this hall. I congratulate you that your club has advocated these honors since its inception, that a member of your Club found the bones of Admiral Jones and assisted the nation to do him honor, and that other members, during the year have inaugurated other honors to his memory.

"Because this grateful Republic has at last honored Admiral Jones we must not consider that our Club and our Quilting Party have fulfilled their missions.

"Our motto for the future should not be 'ne plus ultra,' but let us say with the French 'boutez en avant.'"

"Your club has attained a national reputation. Its influence like its membership, extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific. May it ever be foremost in everything that pertains to the maintaining of the honor of the nation and the upbuilding of our great Republic.

"Let us all rejoice that our Country, which our ancestors fought to



President W. L. Hill

establish and in whose memory we meet tonight, is among the foremost nations of the world.

"Still Queen of the world shall America be."

The hope of the exile, the pride of the free;

Her watchword is 'onward'; her mission divine;

And the star of her glory shall never decline!

Then sing out the flag to the breezes on high,

Wherever it leads us, we conquer or die."

Following are the present officers of the Paul Jones Club:

President, William L. Hill;

Vice President, William A. Hodgdon;

Secretary, George A. Wood;

Treasurer, John K. Bates;

Chaplain, William H. Smith;

Historian, Oliver P. Remick;

Auditor, Dr. William O. Jenkins.

Board of Managers, Admiral Joseph Foster, O. L. Frisbee, Horace A. Massey, Charles W. Hodgdon, Dr. Fred S. Towse, and I. Durgin.

Frank T. Clark.

The following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the Paul Jones Club, Sons of the American Revolution, of Portsmouth, N. H., in sympathy with all patriotic efforts in their efforts to preserve the historic State House in Boston, do hereby express its desire that the State House be preserved as a historic site for any other purposes.

An interesting roll call of the members of the club was given by President Hill was the first

which received the surrender of the Cristobal Colon.

The following was the address of Rear Admiral Foster:

"Compatriots and Friends:—One hundred and thirty years ago there dwelt on Market, then called Rope street, in this town of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in the house, still standing next north of the Ladd mansion, a very wonderful man—a worthy and distinguished descendant of the great Puritan Thomas Dudley of the Bay' ('Rambles, II—57) for seventeen years governor or deputy governor of the Massachusetts Bay colony.

"Like his ancestor, he was 'A man of approved wisdom and much good service to the state' (tablet, First Church, Boston) and to him, the Paul Jones Club Sons of the American Revolution, and all Americans, owe a debt of true admiration and of loving gratitude—for he not only built as Continental Navy Agent at Portsmouth, on his own island in the Piscataqua River, the immortal Ranger, which brought renown and glory to Paul Jones, but, in the same year, 1777, as speaker of the New Hampshire House of Representatives at Exeter, he uttered those inspiring words, from which sprang, not only Stark's victory at Bennington and Burgoyne's capitulation at Saratoga, but the active friendship of France, which gave to Paul Jones the Bon Homme Richard and her glorious victory, and to the united armies of France and America Cornwallis's surrender at Yorktown—and American Independence!

"Distrustful of my own ability to pay this evening a fitting tribute to John Langdon, member of the Continental Congress, United States senator, governor, patriot and statesman, I have chosen the appreciative and eloquent words of Edward Everett, written seventy years ago, whose renowned oration on Washington charmed our fathers and preserved Mount Vernon for the nation, to portray this most eventful moment in American history!

"It must be confessed that it required no ordinary state of fortitude to find topics of consolation in the present state of affairs (June, 1777).

The British were advancing with a well-appointed army into the heart of the country under the conduct, as it was supposed, of the most skillful officers, confident of success and selected to finish the war.

"The army consisted in part of German troops, veterans of the Seven Years' War, under the command of a general of experience, conduct and valor. Nothing could have been more ample than the military supplies, the artillery, munitions and stores, with which the army was provided.

"A considerable force of Canadians and American loyalists furnished the requisite spies, scouts and rangers, and a numerous force of savages in their war dresses, with their peculiar weapons and native ferocity, increased the terrors of its approach. Its numbers were usually rated at ten thousand strong.

"On the evacuation of Ticonderoga (July 6, 1777) and the further advance of such an army, the New England states, and particularly New Hampshire and Massachusetts, were filled with alarm. It was felt that their frontier was uncovered and that strenuous and extraordinary efforts for the protection of the country were necessary.

"In New Hampshire, as being nearer to the scene of danger, a proportionately greater anxiety was felt. The committee of safety of what was then called the New Hampshire Grants, the present state of Vermont, wrote in most pressing terms, to the New Hampshire committee of safety at Exeter, appraising them that, if assistance should not be sent to them they should be forced to abandon the country and take refuge east of the Connecticut River.

"When these tidings reached Exeter the Assembly had finished their Spring session and had gone home. A summons from the committee brought them together again and in three days (July 17, 18 and 19, 1777) they took the most effectual and decisive steps for the defence of the country.

"Among the patriotic members of the Assembly, who signalized themselves on this occasion, none was more conspicuous than the late Governor Langdon. The members of that body were inclined to despond, the public credit was exhausted, and there were no means of supporting troops, if they could be raised. Meantime the defenses of the frontier had fallen and the enemy, with overwhelming force, was penetrating the country.

At this gloomy juncture John Langdon, a merchant of Portsmouth, and speaker of the Assembly, thus addressed its members:

"I have three thousand dollars in hard money; I will pledge my plate for three thousand more; I have seventy hogheads of Tobacco rum, which shall be sold for the most it will bring. These are at the service of the state. If we succeeded in defending our firesides and our homes,

it may be remunerated; if we do not, the property will be of no value to me. Our old friend Stark, who nobly maintained the honor of our state at Bunker's Hill may be safely intrusted with the conduct of the enterprise and we will check the progress of Burgoyne."

This proposal infused life into the measures of the Assembly. They formed the whole militia of the state into two brigades. Of the first they gave the command to William Whipple, of the second to John Stark. They ordered one-fourth part of Stark's brigade and one-fourth of three regiments of Whipple's to march immediately under the command of Stark, to stop the progress of the enemy on our western frontiers.

They ordered the militia officers to take away arms from all persons who scrupled or refused to assist in defending the country, and appointed a day of fasting and prayer, which was observed with great solemnity. "Life of John Stark by Edward Everett—Sparks' American Biography."—Boston and London, 1834. Volume 1, pages 76-79.

"How well Stark and his New Hampshire men did their work at Bennington, August 16, 1777, is known to all, and all historians agree that Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga, Oct. 17, 1777, was a decisive event in American history.

"What need is there for me to tell more of this!

"But I do wish that time allowed for me to tell you more of John Langdon's life, from his birth on the shores of Sagamore Creek in Portsmouth, June 25, 1741, or even from the time when, as one of the leaders in the seizure of the military stores at Fort William and Mary, Portsmouth Harbor, Dec. 14, 15, 1774, by the patriots of the Piscataqua, the first overt act of the Revolution, he helped to capture the powder afterwards used so effectively at Bunker Hill.

"I would wish to speak of his membership of the Continental Congress, of his building the Ranger as Continental navy agent at Portsmouth, and of his presence at Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga, and of all his services to New Hampshire in the council and in the field; of his membership of the convention of 1787, which formed the present Constitution of the United States; and of that day in 1789 when, as president of the United States Senate he officially announced the election of George Washington as the first president of the United States of America!

"I would speak too of his declination in 1801 of the office of secretary of the navy offered him by President Jefferson, and tell you that, having often served as governor of New Hampshire, the Republican congressional caucus offered him in 1812, when James Madison was reelected president, the nomination for the office of vice president of the United States, which he declined on the score of age and increasing infirmities, passing the remainder of his life in retirement. He died Sept. 18, 1819, in his mansion on Pleasant street, which he built in 1784, and his remains rest in the North cemetery, Portsmouth.

"Let us hope that before many more years his famous declaration of July, 1777—the noble, generous, apt and effective speech of the Revolution" ('Adjutant General's Report, New Hampshire, 1866, Volume 2, page 333)—will be carved in deep letters on the base of a statue of New Hampshire's most distinguished Revolutionary patriot, either at Portsmouth, his home, at Exeter, where the words were spoken, or in the state house grounds at the Capital of the state he served so long and so well!"

H. G. L. CLUB

Held Meeting With Miss Katherine Cullen Last Evening

The members of the Happy Go Lucky Club met on Thursday evening. Their hostess was Miss Katherine Cullen.

Among the social pleasures of the evening was the rendering of a song "If the Man in the Moon were You" by Miss Lizzie Woodbury, a rising young soprano from North Jay, Me., who is passing a few weeks at New Castle.

A postage stamp guessing contest was also held, the first prize going to Miss Lizzie Cochrane and the second prize to Miss Mary Quinn.

For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. Winstlow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Guaranteed under the food and drugs act June 30, 1906. Serial number, 1028.

LOCAL DASHES

The Paul Jones Club will dine in Faneuil Hall, Boston, on Washington's birthday.

The official visitation of the grand commandery to DeWitt Clinton Commandery, Knights Templar, occurs this evening.

Positive

A soda cracker should be the most nutritious and wholesome of all foods made from wheat—

Comparative

But ordinary soda crackers absorb moisture, collect dust and become stale and soggy long before they reach your table. There is, however, one

Superlative

soda cracker—at once so pure, so clean, so crisp and nourishing that it stands alone in its supreme excellence—the name is

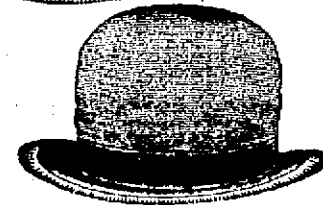
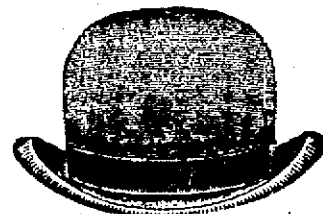
Uneeda Biscuit

5¢ In a dust tight, moisture proof package.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

THEY ARE HERE.

Lamson & Hubbard



Spring Styles

HENRY PEYSER & SON,

"Selling the Togs of the Period."

Still At It.

Working off the old stock to make room for new.

Great Bargains on Suits.

Cut Prices on Overcoats.

Slashed Prices on Rain Coats.

Job Lot Prices on Shoes.

Cleaning Out Prices on Sweaters, Canvas Coats, Gloves and Winter Caps.

Ask to See the Best 65c Overall in the City.

N.H. Beane & Co.

No. 3 Congress St.

FORMERLY FAY STORE.

NOW

Is the time to place your order for a Knox Marine Engine. Skates sharpened and all general machine work and repairing promptly done. Nickel plating and all kinds of antique brass work polished.

GOODALL & TOLMAN,

64 Hanover St.

Tel. 442.

INDIA

BLACK OR GREEN

ALL KINDS ALL GRADES FOR ALL TASTES

TEA

ONE TEASPOON MAKES TWO CUPS

AMES'

BUTTER & TEA STORE

35 Congress St., Portsmouth.

BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS,

TEA AND COFFEE

AT LOWEST PRICES.

A New Hotel
at the **Old Stand**
\$250,000 has not been spent
Remodeling, Refurnishing,
and Redecorating the

HOTEL EMPIRE
Broadway, Empire Square & 63d St.
NEW YORK CITY.
Restaurant and Service Unexcelled
Splendid Location
Most Modern Improvements
All service cars pass or
transfer to door
Subway and "L" stations 2 minutes
Hotel fronting on three streets
Electric Closets, Telephones and
Automatic Lighting Devices
in every room

Moderate Rates
MUSIC
W. Johnson Quinn, Proprietor
Send for guide of New York-Free

OLIVER W. HAZ.
(Successor to Samuel S. Hoseney)
66 Market Street.
Furniture Dealer
—AND—
Undertaker
NIGHT CALLS 62 and 64
Market Street, or at residence
on New Vaughan Street and
Reveries Avenue.
Telephone 59-2.

Horse Shoeing
CARRIAGE WORK AND
BLACKSMITHING.
your horse is not going right
come and see us. We charge nothing
for examination and consultation.
If you want your carriage or cart
repaired, or new ones made, we will
give you the benefit of our 15 years
experience in this business without
expense.
Sole Handling and General Job Work
Attended To.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
IRA C. SEYMOUR
21-2 Linden St.

W. W. NICKERSON
LICENSED MBALMER
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
60 Daniel Street, Portland, Me.
Calls by night at residence, 10
Milton Avenue, or 11 Gates
Street, with positive prompt
attention.
Telephone at office and residence.

IF YOU ARE TO
WINTER IN CALIFORNIA
Plan to make your trip to our
destination in time.
W. CAULFIELD PACIFIC RY.
We can furnish you with the best
of all winter resorts in California,
and we can make your trip to our
destination in time.
Write for rates for any trip you
may desire to make.

W. S. WALKER & CO.
Contractors & Builders
1000 Commercial Street
Chicago, Ill.
We have a large stock of
building materials, and we can
make your trip to our destination
in time.

THE MAGIC SPECS
By MAURICE SMILEY.
(Copyright, 1907, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)
I am only an optician, but I have al-
ways had a predilection for experi-
ments which my friends called fan-
tastic. As I put the finishing touch
on a particularly delicate job, I am
not ashamed to say that I trembled
as I sat on the verge of failure or suc-
cess—I knew not which it would be.
If my skill and patience were to be
rewarded with success, I should have
mastered one of the most interesting
secrets in the world and invested my-
self with a power which would be of
tremendous value to me.

If, on the other hand, all my skill
and patience were to go for naught,
the disappointment would assume the
proportions of a calamity.
Which would it be?
I pulled in my hand the glasses
which I had just put into an ordinary
commercial frame. They were not
outward appearances, different
from the high grade optical lenses
made for special cases. But they
held, or they did not hold, a power for
which the human race longed from
time immemorial—not, as Bobbie
Burns sang: "To see themselves as
others see them," but to see others as
they really are.

Think of being able to know for
sure, through the agency of some in-
ner vision, that saw beneath the out-
er shell, the real, exact, inner sort of
being of our fellow men. What a
lot of mistakes it would keep us from
making! It would be money in our
pockets and peace in our hearts every
day of our lives.
Without entering into scientific de-
tails or optical technicalities, I may
briefly explain that I had been for
years working to produce a lens
which, operating along strict scientific
principles, would link together the out-
er and inner worlds, the so-called
sixth sense through the forces which
lie at the base of the various phenom-
ena associated with what is vulgarly
known as "crystal-gazing." But the
application of optics destined those I
hoped to produce of the fantastic char-
acter of the crystal phenomena. In a
word, my lens, if a success, would ad-
dress itself to the inner eye-vision and
the wearer of these innocent looking
glasses would see the men and women
about him, not as they appeared to
others, not possibly as they appeared
to themselves, but as they really were.
Nothing could be hidden from the all-
penetrating gaze directed through
these lenses.

Do you wonder that I was nervous
as I sat there in my library, eager and
yet afraid to put the great secret to
the test? My friends had chaffed me
for a dreamer; even my wife regarded
the whole matter as rubbish. What a
triumph I should have over them all
if I had solved the secret! If I had
failed, no one should ever be the
wiser.
With a sudden crossing of the men-
tal Rubicon, I clapped the glasses upon
my nose. A curious exaltation stole
over me as I stared out of the win-
dow. This sensation was succeeded
by one of drowsiness and then I
seemed to be drinking oceans of chlor-
oform and inhaling whole atmospheres
of ether that infinitely exhilarated me
and then lulled me to the most deli-
cious lethargy.

I awoke feeling as though I had
passed a week. I longed to try the
glasses on a subject, but there was no
one in the house save the maid. My
wife had gone to church and I re-
solved to put the matter to the first
test. I wanted to give the glasses a
fair trial, regarding that they would be
subjected to less strain if leveled at
a person, be it anybody might be
just what he really is. But I was from
Middletown.
I was late for the service, but no
one noticed my makeshift entrance.
I took a seat with the rear and
looked at the minister through my un-
tested eyes as he stood there at the
pulpit. I was, I thought, conscious, in-
dependent and free to follow his appeal.
When he pronounced his text I thought
he was talking in five words, some
I had never heard.

out fear or favor, neither fawning upon
the rich nor going around with a chip
upon his shoulder.
"And bless his simple, kindly soul,
that is just what the glasses revealed
him to be, only the soul-man that
stood out before me was simpler and
kindlier than their material expression
who lived and moved among us every
day.
I was curious to see what sort of a
man the postmaster really was. He
was a typical politician and an ardent
partisan, I knew that much already.
I put on the glasses when I went to
the post office the next morning. At
first I couldn't see anything at all and
I began to wonder if it was really true
that politicians didn't have any souls.
But finally I saw, away down beneath
the surface, a tiny manikin gazing in-
ward at the unusual spectacle of what
appeared to be a globe of fire appear-
ing, revolving and disappearing around
another human figure. Then it dawned
upon me that the phenomenon was the
sun rising and setting around the pres-
ident.
Next to a preacher and politician, I
thought the glasses would work well
with a lawyer. I tried them on the
prosecuting attorney who was just
then engaged in making a fight on the
railroads in the matter of grade cross-
ings and back taxes. The Hon. George
W. Martin was a mixture of both the
preacher and the politician. As a
preacher, he declaimed loudly against
the avarice which sacrificed human
lives to the greed for gold and com-
pelled the laboring man to pay twice
as much in proportion to his little
home as the big corporations did on
their holdings, which had been origi-
nally given to them by the people. The
lawyer inside the lawyer was consid-
ering an offer to become the local
counsel for the corporations he had
been fighting so hard. Through the
glasses I saw him smile and pigeon-
hole the grade crossing and tax suits.
I tried the glasses on a tramp I ran
across and the effect was startling.
The bloated, bloated, dirty features
fell away as I looked and a new man,
a wretched, unfortunate man, lay
prostrate under a heavy load that was
holding him down, while a thousand
feet were kicking him as he lay and a
thousand hands were shoving him far-
ther and farther into the mire. The
mire was adversity and the hands and
feet belonged to the world, which is,
individually, people and, collectively—
 Fate.
Just for curiosity I looked at the
plumber and the ice man when they
happened to meet at my house—mis-
fortunes never come singly, you know.
I could see only shadowy shapes, with
bulging pockets at the sides and caver-
ous grins where the heads should
have been. The milkman was what he
appeared to be—a harmless, well-
meaning chap, but he had a big bunch
of water on the brain.
Finally I decided to put the glasses
to the final and crucial test. I would
look at my wife through them! It was
a little underhand to take such an
advantage of her but then a man ought
to understand his own wife, if such a
thing was possible. He ought to
know, for her sake as much as his
own, whether she is really the fluffy,
dainty, sweet little thing she appears,
or whether she doesn't do her soul up
in curl papers when she is alone and
doesn't sometimes wear an old intel-
lectual wrapper.
To my amazement, I could see ab-
solutely nothing when I looked at her.
There was an utter blank. The glasses
had reached their ne plus ultra. They
refused even to consider the task I
had set them.
Then for the first time I looked at
the whole matter in a new light. What
had appeared to me as a desideratum
of the first water became involved in
difficulties. What I thought would
bring clearer insight, and with it wis-
dom, degenerated into a huge provoca-
tion to distrust and engage in fist
fights. I came to the conclusion that
it would be more fatuous folly to intro-
duce any such contrivance into the
community. The whole town would be
by the ears in a day. Our simple,
fairly decent little life would become
a Russian riot, a fire at the Five
Points, a Japanese treaty demonstra-
tion, a Kilkenny cat fight and a Don-
nybrook fair rolled into one tremen-
dous, scolding, snarling rough house.
My secret should pass away and I
would try to forget it. I would pre-
sume what was left of my own little
illusions and have compassion upon
the world. With a sudden gesture I
hurled the glasses to the floor and set
my foot upon them.
My wife returned home from church
at that moment and gave me the
laugh for falling asleep over my stupid
experiments and breaking my glasses.
I smiled sheepishly. I knew I was at-
tempting the impossible; I knew that
I was up against it in seeking to de-
vise any human mechanism that would
reveal a woman as she really was.
And what do other people matter,
anyway?
A sensation was caused at Chelten-
ham, England, recently by the tragic
death of Dr. George Bagot Ferguson,
one of the leading medical practitioners,
who died suddenly while perform-
ing an operation on a patient at the
hospital. He was senior surgeon at
the hospital and undertook an exceed-
ingly difficult and critical operation in
the presence of the resident house
surgeons. While proceeding with his
work Dr. Ferguson collapsed and died
almost immediately from heart failure.
The patient was kept under anesthe-
sia while three other surgeons were
telephoned for, and when they arrived
the operation which had been inter-
rupted in so tragic a manner was com-
pleted.

**HOW IT
HAPPENED**
If the delicatessen store man had
not put the little globe in the window
it never would have happened, in all
probability. From another point of
view it was probably ordained from the
beginning of time that at 3 o'clock
of that day the aforementioned delica-
tessen were to be set, brown and tempt-
ing, behind the plate glass and that
20 minutes later Marjorie Haskell
should walk by that way with Fluff,
her pet Skye terrier, racing on ahead.
That Fluff, seeing cakes that remind-
ed him of these he got at home, had
lingered, standing on his hind legs
that he might the better investigate,
his nose wrinkled sensitively, the
young woman was not aware until
she heard the canine shrieks for help,
yaps of anger and the general turmoil
attending a healthy dog fight.
Flying back with her head stream-
ing in the wind, Marjorie reached the
scene of combat in time to add her
screams to the general confusion.
Above the whirlwind of scrambling
dogs a figure was bent hauling at the
collar of his dog, red in the face and
profuse as to language. When the
lively tableau resolved into its com-
ponent parts a tall young man hold-
ing the struggling and fierce-jawed
bulldog by the neck faced a young
woman crouched on the walk with a
shivering, whimpering Skye terrier in
her arms. Fury, pure and unadulter-
ated, blazed from her eyes.
"I'm so sorry," the man was stam-
mering. "I never knew Jupiter to act
like this—the most good-natured—"
"He doesn't act the part," the girl
interjected, trembling. "Why anybody
should let a great brute of a dog like
that run loose—he's nearly killed
Fluff, poor, inoffensive little thing!"
"I'm more than sorry," the young
man reiterated. "Is he much hurt?
Can I do anything? Believe me—"
But his voice trailed into silence as
a young woman with her head held
extra high and red spots on her cheeks
swept by, carrying the frightened ter-
rier in her arms. Orville Tenney
stood hanging on to Jupiter's strain-
ing collar staring after her till pass-
er-by recalled him.
"If she wasn't a stunner!" mur-
mured Tenney that night for the tenth
time before he went to sleep and
dreamed that he was stabbing legions
of bulldogs to the heart to save an im-
periled maiden. Which goes to show
that his concern for Fluff had only
been relative.
Three days later, at dusk, Mr. Ten-
ney, who was quite accidentally stroll-
ing down the same street, saw a lit-
tle silver-gray dog race out of a gro-
cery store. And behind him came the
girl of the black eyes which could look
so absolutely murderous. Tenney
shook himself smartly. Of course,
everything was irregular, but under
the circumstances she might—well,
not exactly speak—but maybe she
would just nod faintly.
Tenney's hopes came to an abrupt
close. When the young woman caught
sight of him she swooped down upon
Fluff to raise him out of danger and
marched by with icy countenance.
"And I didn't even have Jupiter
within a mile of me!" Tenney still
mused indignantly hours afterward.
"She acted as though I was conceit-
rated dog poison, at the least. Got
out, Jupiter!"
Jupiter retreated in surprised sulk-
iness. He could not make out his
master these last few days. Once Ten-
ney sat opposite Fluff's owner on the
suburban car. He wore an expression
with respectful hope, but the young
woman stared over his shoulder out
of the window with absolute uncon-
cern all the way to the city.
"She acts as though it was all my
fault," Tenney told himself. He
was trying to work up an injured feel-
ing, but did not succeed. He had
never recovered from the abjectness
to which her wrathful invective had
reduced him. "Those fool toy dogs,
anyway!" was the height of his
achievement in that line. He told
himself he worried over the affair be-
cause it was uncomfortable to have
any woman righteously angry at one.
That was all. He did not care if he
never got on speaking terms with
Fluff's owner. A girl with such a tem-
per could not be really attractive,
even if she were pretty. And any-
how she hated him. Once she had
turned a corner to avoid meeting him,
contemptuously picking up her dog as
she did so.
That was why at the club dance,
when he had anxiously followed young
Grimes, who promised to introduce
him to "a girl who would make him
set up," he turned icy cold with fright
at finding himself confronting a vision
in pale blue who turned on him a fa-
miliar pair of black eyes. Grimes
was mentioning their names as though he
did not know that the end of the
world had come. Orville Tenney drew
himself up. If she was going to flash
stern in his direction and turn back
on him she'd find him ready.
Then he realized that there was not
murder in those black eyes now.
Rather a gleam of humor, because
Tenney looked as scared as he felt,
and when a big man looks frightened
he is always amusing.
"I'm so glad to know you," Fluff's
owner was saying, calmly. "Run
along, Teddy Grimes, I have a great
deal to discuss with Mr. Tenney. I
want to talk about bulldogs."
And Tenney drew his first breath of
content for five weeks.—Chicago Daily
News.

**THE DALRYMPLE
PRIDE**
By W. CRAWFORD HERLOCK
(Copyright, 1907, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)
A throng of men and women passed
and repassed the home of Edward
Dalrymple, glancing curiously at the
drawn curtains and speculating about
the cause of the sudden death of the
master. Within the house, the serv-
ants trooped noiselessly along the
broad halls, whispering to each other
as if afraid that a motionless figure
in the parlor might be disturbed by
any unseemly noise. Yet the clat-
ter of a thousand tongues and the
tread of a host of feet would not have
disturbed the slumber of Edward Dal-
rymple.
"By a pistol wound, inflicted by his
own hand," the coroner had decided,
and the world wondered why a man
of such great wealth, of such re-
nowned lineage, endowed with an in-
tellect superior to that of most men
and popular with all classes from the
lowliest to the most exalted, should
have committed such an act at a time
when honors were ready to be thrust
upon him and the ambition of his
life was within his grasp. The won-
der deepened as the people remem-
bered that the sound of his marriage
bells had scarcely died away when
the news of his tragic death was re-
ported.
The electric bell tinkled softly, and
a servant noiselessly opened the door,
admitting a tall, distinguished-looking
man, who bore a strong family resem-
blance to the dead master of the
house.
"Is Mrs. Dalrymple in?" inquired the
visitor, then, not waiting for a reply,
continued: "Tell her I wish to see her
a few moments."
As the servant went to deliver the
message, William Dalrymple stepped
into the parlor and stood beside the
body of his brother. Long and earn-
estly he gazed into the pale face of
the sharer of his childhood joys, the
companion of his youth and the confi-
dant and close friend of his manhood.
The tears, unbidden, dimmed his eyes,
and his lips quivered with suppressed
pain. Bending down, he pressed his
lips to the forehead of his brother.
"I know it all, Ned," he murmured,
softly, "and I will try to do what
you would have me do, but it is
against my own desires." As he re-
turned to the hall, the servant told
him that Mrs. Dalrymple would re-
ceive him, and he walked slowly up
the broad stairs and entered the li-
brary.
His brother's wife arose to greet
him as he stood before the open grate,
the reflection of the bluish flames
upon her face, she looked pale and
baggard. As he gazed upon her, Wil-
liam Dalrymple wondered how his
brother had found this woman so
attractive. To him, she was beauti-
ful but repellent, not only because
of what he knew, but because of the
insincerity that gleamed in her dark
eyes, flitted across her delicately-
chiselled features and found expression in
her softly-modulated tones.
"What do you wish with me, Wil-
liam?" inquired Mrs. Dalrymple, sink-
ing into an easy chair and surveying
her brother-in-law curiously.
"There are several matters that I
wish to speak about," replied William
Dalrymple, slowly. The first is: I wish
my brother's funeral to take place
from my father's home. His body will
have to be removed from here."
"That is impossible," returned Mrs.
Dalrymple, haughtily. "My husband
shall be buried from his own home,
and from no other place."
"You know that my mother will not,
under any circumstances, enter a
house of which you are mistress?"
"Then she will have to go to the
cemetery if she wishes to attend. I
will not agree to such a plan to sat-
isfy the caprice of an old woman."
Her tone was defiant, even insolent,
and Dalrymple flushed hotly at her
words. With a strong effort, he con-
trolled himself and continued: "I
have made a request and you have
refused to grant it. I now demand
that my brother's body be taken from
this house and buried from my fa-
ther's home. Be careful how you op-
pose me."
"You dare to threaten a defenseless
woman who is mourning her husband's
untimely end, do you? I have a good
mind to ring the bell and have you
ejected from the house."
"Do so if you wish," returned Dal-
rymple, carelessly, "but consider the
consequences before you act. The
servants would not eject me in the
first place. They know me, and, sig-
nificantly, they know you. Then,
such a step would lead to very un-
pleasant results so far as you are con-
cerned."
"You speak in enigmas. Be more
explicit; I don't understand you."
Yet the flush that crept into her
pale cheeks and the frightened look
that had gleamed in her dark eyes
told him that she knew more than
she would admit.
"I wish you to attend to the manner
of my brother's funeral," continued Dal-
rymple, looking at his brother's widow,
keenly.
"There is nothing to tell," she in-
terrupted, hurriedly. "You know all,
as you were present when the coron-
er came. There is nothing more."
"Know that you told the coroner
that my brother came home from the
office and looked at the clock with you
for a few minutes before he went in
to sleep?" "I don't know," she ob-
served, deliberately. "A few minutes later you
heard a loud sound as if a shutter had
blown in, and you summoned one of

the servants from the kitchen to in-
vestigate the cause of the noise. The
servant, Nora Flynn, reported that she
had examined every room except
your husband's dressing room, and
could find nothing to explain the un-
usual sound. You ordered her to go
into my brother's room, but she de-
murred unless you accompanied her.
The girl entered first. You followed;
my brother was found lying on the
floor, a pistol wound in his head. I
know all that, but I know much
more."
"If you know more, why did you
not tell it to the coroner who was
here?" demanded Mrs. Dalrymple,
coldly. Her tone was firm, but her
lips lost their ruddy hue and mute ter-
ror flitted her dark eyes.
"I had good and sufficient reasons
for withholding what I knew," de-
clared Dalrymple, dryly. "I deemed
it wiser to tell you first. To be frank
with you, I will say that my brother
came to me yesterday morning and
told me that he had learned certain
facts concerning your conduct before
and since your marriage. He had
made an investigation and was satis-
fied of the truth of what he had heard.
From what he told me of his inten-
tions concerning your future, I am
sure he neither laughed or joked with
you when he returned home. I, there-
fore, believe you misrepresented mat-
ters that far to the corner."
"Even if this be true," retorted Mrs.
Dalrymple, her courage returning with
the hope that this was all her brother-
in-law knew, "would you have had me
reveal these matters to be handled
about through the papers? I should
think your family pride would shrink
from such a scandal."
"You did not conceal your real con-
versation with my brother out of re-
gard for our family pride," he re-
turned, quietly. "It was done to save
yourself, yet I thank you for it. To
proceed, the sound of a pistol shot
on the second floor may sound like
the crash of an unfastened shutter to
those in the kitchen, but it would
not sound so to any one in a room
not ten feet away. Why did you
not investigate the strange sound in-
stead of ringing for a servant?"
"I was dozing at the time, and
could not determine from whence the
sound proceeded," Mrs. Dalrymple
avowed, a note of triumph in her soft-
ly modulated tones. "If I had been
awake I would undoubtedly have
known that the sound came from Ed-
ward's dressing room."
"Perhaps so," returned Dalrymple,
in a tone by no means reassuring. "I
have one question to ask, however.
Why did you place my brother's pis-
tol close to his hand as the servant
left the room to summon a physi-
cian?"
"I didn't! It is false!" stammered
Mrs. Dalrymple, but her actions dis-
proved her words. Her head fell for-
ward on her breast, her hands drop-
ped nervously by her side, and she
trembled visibly under the storm of
proof that her brother-in-law had hurled
upon her.
"You did!" William Dalrymple had
risen and towered above her shrinking
form like an avenging spirit. His
tones were cold and stern without a
trace of pity. "You sent Nora for a
doctor, and as she left the room, you
drew my brother's pearl-handled re-
volver from your bosom, and placed it
so that the world would think he had
committed self-destruction. You killed
him!"
"Mercy! Mercy!" she wailed, fall-
ing upon her knees and clutching his
hand in the agony of terror. "Have
mercy and I will do as you wish.
Only don't send me to a prison cell."
Dalrymple drew back from her as
if her touch polluted him. "I shall not
send you where you would receive
your just punishment," he said, quiet-
ly, "if you do what I wish. The pride
of the Dalrymples alone saves you
from the fate you so richly deserve.
The taint of suicide is hard enough to
endure, but the trial and execution of
one bearing our name would trail our
pride in the dust. For this reason,
I will not divulge the truth if you
agree to my demands."
"But Nora," gasped the guilty wom-
an, tremulously. "She will tell, and
it will come out."
"I have provided for that," replied
Dalrymple, coldly. "Nora is an old
servant of our family, and is dis-
creet. To make sure of her silence,
I have agreed to pension her for the
rest of her life, and, at her death,
give a certain amount to her children,
in the event of her maintaining a per-
petual silence. My brother's prop-
erty is devised to you, as you prob-
ably know. You may take it without
any objection on my part, if you leave
as soon as the funeral is over and go
to Europe, assuming your maiden
name, and promising never to re-
turn to this country or to use our
name in any way. If you do this and
adhere to it, you may go free, with
only your remorse to haunt you. If
you fail to do it in any particular
whatever, you shall be prosecuted and
punished."
"I will do what you wish," faltered
Mrs. Dalrymple. "I will never come
back to this country. I will do any-
thing to save myself from the penalty
of my crime."
"Very well," exclaimed Dalrymple,
wearily. "I shall send my brother's
body to my father's house to-night.
The funeral will take place to-morrow
afternoon, and to avoid comment, you
shall be accorded your place in the
first hack, accompanied by me. A
week later you sail for Europe."

**WHERE PEOPLE
BELIEVE IN OMENS**
Washington, self-admitted center of
culture and enlightenment, looks upon
superstition as a form of devil worship
that vanished with witch burning. Yet
within two hours' ride of the capitol
are communities that, despite public
schools and church choir factions and
problems and things, are as deeply
saturated with superstition as the
scholarly bats that flitted through the
intellectual twilight of the middle
ages.
In the upper reaches of the Virginia
counties that flank the Blue Ridge on
the east and climb the mountain
shoulders until they look down over
the summit into the Shenandoah val-
ley, the daily life of the hill dweller
is hedged in with countless signs and
omens, all portents of evil. Through
them he walks gingerly, fearful lest in
prophitizing one genius of disaster he
offend against another.
A religious and church going folk
are these—on Sunday. The rest of the
week they devote to keeping out of
the clutches of "bad luck," the modern
form of that disagreeable and uncon-
fortable old god of the Zulus, Baa, who
visited them with dire and origi-
nal punishments when he didn't get
his regular allowance of broiled baby.
They don't broil babies, these latter
day worshippers, but they keep them-
selves in perpetual hot water.
"Hance," said a sturdy old farmer
of Big Colbyer mountain to his son,
as the boy started out on a June morn-
ing to hoe the weed choked corn, "ther
meen's in the secon' quarter, an' ef
yer chop 'em down, them weeds 'll
grow worse' ever. Better wait 'll
nex' week."
"Sides, I want yer ter go fer ther
doctor. Yer ma's allin' this mawnin',
an' 'er burned whippo'will set on ther
horse block an' hollered las' night 'tel
I cloddid him off. Yer know what
that means!"
Whippo'wills, that the ignorant may
know as much as Hance, mean early
and sudden death. For years they had
made that block a rendezvous for their
nightly chorals, while the family re-
mained healthy as hostlers. But it
shook not the old man's belief in the
faith of his fathers. The doctor was
hurriedly fetched, only to find ma re-
covered "as peart as a cricket."
"Don't yer put that sassafras wood
in ther kitchen fire!" cried the old
lady to her helping hand one day, a
12-year-old girl, as yet unlearned in
the lore of the hills. "Every single
cow on ther place 'll go dry ef yer do.
Go an' put it in pa's fire."
A listening city man wondered at this
fine distinction.
"Law, chile," sagely explained the
old lady, "it's jes' puttin' sassafras in
ther kitchen fire what makes cows go
dry; it don't make no difference in no
other fire. 'Why, when I wuz er gal
over'n Rappahannock—' and wise
saws and ancient instances were cop-
iously cited to sustain the theory of
interrelation of sassafras, kitchen fire,
and cow.
Sometimes they hit it. One day the
city man bent on a little exercise in
weed chopping, strolled through the
house with an ax as shoulder.
"Git outer hyah 'ith that," roared
the old man in pallid terror. "Don't
yer know it's ther wors' luck in ther
worl' ter tote er ax thro er house? What
yer thinkin' 'bout anyhow?"
An hour later, as the city man ap-
proached the dwelling, his ears were
flooded with a torrent of high treble
regrimerations mingled with a deep
flow of apologies. They gushed from
the door and window. The city man
betook himself back to the placid for-
giveness, where he abode until the gusty
Niagara had subsided. As he emerged
the old man met him.
"I knowed yer'd make trouble 'ith
that ax," he said accusingly. "Yer
badn't got fer ez ther barn 'fo ther
old 'oman foun' er jug er moonshine
hid under ther bed, an' I'd done swore
off las' Christmas fer er year. Let this
be er lesson ter yer, m' son, an' don't
never tote er ax thro er house no mo'."
The city man began to believe there
was something in it.
"Peacocks won't stay 'ith us," ex-
plained the old lady when the city man
suggested them as an ornament to the
velvety blue grass lawn. "They won't
stay 'ith po' folks."
"We used ter have er beautiful pair
of 'em. They stayed here fere years
'til we los' that law suit 'ith ther
Cyarters an' got po'. Ther very nex'
night them peacocks went down ther
mount'n, pas' Dorse Heffin's place an'
ole man Coosser's, who's both po' folks,
an' didn't stop 'tel they got plum' ter
Colonel Waller's, thef owns 'bout half
o' Warren county."
"They've been ther ever since, an'
they'll stay ther 'tel ther Wallers gits
po', and then they'll move on. No,
'tain't no use ter git peacocks hyah."
One sign the sexes split on. The
men hold it is worse to drink whiskey
on the waxing, the women on the wan-
ing moon. They agree, however, that
a given and sufficient amount will
make a man twice as drunk and twice
as long when the moon is on the wane.
So it is simply a question for dialecti-
cians and prohibitionists.
"That fool put 'em on ther barn on
ther dark of ther moon," complained
the old man when he saw the shingles
curling up like the bow of a toboggan;
"an' he laid ther rail fence in ther pas-
ture on the dark, too—time I wuz sick
an' couldn't git out an' learn him
some sense. That's why it's sunk two
ralls deep in ther groun' already. I'll
go plum' out er sight in ther earth in
er couple er years. 'Co's 'twus ther
moon!"

THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC
FEBRUARY 15SUN RISES.....6:42; MOON SETS.....10:42 P. M.
SUN SETS.....6:10; MOON RISES.....11:01 A. M.
LENGTH OF DAY 10:34 FULL MOON.....11:30 P. M.First Quarter, Feb. 19th, 11h. 33m., evening, W.
Full Moon, Feb. 28th, 1h. 25m., morning, W.
Last Quarter, March 7th, 3h. 42m., morning, E.
New Moon, March 14th, 1h. 5m., morning, E.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Should you fail to receive your Herald regularly communicate with the office at once either by telephone, No. 37, or by messenger. We intend to give careful attention to our delivery system. Subscribers can pay bills monthly at the office or to the collector.

F. W. HARTFORD,
Treasurer.

THE TEMPERATURE

Thirty-two degrees above zero was the temperature at THE HERALD office at two o'clock this afternoon

CITY BRIEFS

Did you get a comic one?
Clement weather yesterday.
No ice famine next Summer.
K. of P. Fair, Feb. 13, 14, 15.
A fortnight more of February.
This is a week of varied events.
February is more than half gone.
Washington's birthday is a week away.

Portsmouth is a great place for banquets.

Eggs seem to have struck the up grade again.

Well, there has been one February thaw, anyway.

Apples are still fairly plentiful in the local market.

6 dozen clothes pins for 10 cents at Paul's on Saturday.

N. E. O. P. whist party tonight at N. E. O. P. Hall.

The advance in wages at the navy yard was welcome.

Regular 20 cent clothes lines for 10 cents, Saturday at Paul's.

Washington's birthday will break the monotony next week.

Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

Portsmouth has figured at Concord more or less this winter.

NO. 4'S BALL, WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY EVE, FEB. 21

Next week is expected to bring the Portsmouth appropriation bill.

The H. G. L. Club held a pleasant social session last evening.

Yesterday was visitation day at the Franklin and Spaulding schools.

Summer resort prospects grow brighter every day, we are told.

Dealers say that the sale of valentines was the heaviest in years.

The Knights of Pythias fair was again the attraction last evening.

Several bills of importance and interest still await legislative action.

At Music Hall Monday evening: Mary Shaw in "Alice Sit By The Fire."

Blue cups with saucers only 10 cents at W. E. Paul's, 45 Market street.

Slings of Spring will now be announced from time to time by the optimistic.

Hearings on proposed legislation have come thick and fast at Concord this week.

The Vincent Club meets Tuesday evening with Miss Hazel Grover, on South street.

The exponents of the manly art in this vicinity have been doing a lot of talking of late.

A reception to navy yard employees planned by the Young Men's Christian Association.

Regular 20 cent mops only 10 cents on Saturday at Paul's, 45 Market street.

The Atlantic Shore line will be one of the best equipped electric railway systems in the country next Summer.

Members of the York Beach baseball team last Summer are prominent or candidates for the Dartmouth team.

Portsmouth navy yard should be given another dry dock to take the place of the old wooden one just condemned.

The new board of assessors bill creates three good jobs and does away with a large number not particularly good.

The holding of the state athletic meet of the Young Men's Christian Association in this city insures some excellent sport.

Inasmuch Circle of King's Daughters of the North Church will conduct a sale of home cooked food and candles in Freeman's Hall on Wednesday afternoon and evening, Feb. 14.

ALARM WAS NEEDLESS

City Department Not Needed At Paper Plant

LOSS FROM EARLY MORNING FIRE WAS TRIFLING

About fifteen minutes after three this (Friday) morning, fire was discovered on the roof of the digesting room of the Publishers' Paper Company's plant at Freeman's Point.

An alarm was sounded from the whistle at the mill and while this was being blown some excited person ran to box 117 on Cutts streets and pulled in the city alarm, which was not necessary and only caused trouble for the fire department and useless expense for the city.

The chemical and hose wagon No. 2 reached the mill, but the hook and ladder and steamer No. 3 only went to the residence of Judge Samuel W. Emery.

Once again the fact was demonstrated that the hose wagon and the cut of date bulk of a ladder truck should be on runners in winter, with horses fit for such service. The quick hitch system was in luck to get as far as it did.

The hose wagon in many places along the road sank to the hubs in snow. Even an old sleigh of some kind for hose would be better in such cases.

Extra horses were sent to the hook and ladder and the steamer to help the apparatus get back to the quarters. Such help was certainly needed both ways, but should have been provided when the apparatus started.

The help of the local department was not needed, as it happened, the workmen having extinguished the blaze before the alarm was pulled in from the box. The fire was started by a spark from the smoke pipe at the west end of the plant. The loss was trifling.

TO BE REAPPOINTED

Mgr. O'Callaghan Will Again Be Vicar General Of Diocese

Although official announcement of the appointments has not been made public, it is learned that Bishop George A. Gerardin will reappoint Very Rev. Eugene M. O'Callaghan of Concord vicar general and Rev. Thomas M. O'Leary of this city chancellor of the New Hampshire diocese, says a dispatch from Manchester.

It is said that official notice of the two appointments will be made to the clergy of the diocese within the next few days.

Mgr. O'Callaghan served as vicar general of the diocese under the administrations of Bishop Bradley and Bishop Delany. Six years ago, while he was pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Portsmouth, he was first appointed vicar general of the diocese, and was transferred to Concord, to succeed the late Fr. Barry, who was killed by an electric car in New York City.

When Bishop Delany assumed the duties of the office he reappointed Mgr. O'Callaghan.

Fr. O'Leary is a native of Dover, is one of the younger members of the clergy of the diocese and served as chancellor under the late Bishop Delany. He is still connected with St. Joseph's Cathedral.

AMOUNT INCREASED

If Property Which Home For Aged Women May Hold

The bill amending the charter of the Portsmouth Home for Indigent Women, just passed by the Legislature, provides for the increase of the amount of property which may be legally held by the trustees of the home.

Under the original charter, the amount of property held in the name of the home could not exceed \$50,000. It was, therefore, impossible for the home ever to become self-supporting.

At the present time, the limit has been nearly reached and the trustees saw the danger of being placed in the embarrassing position of being compelled to refuse gifts because of a defect in the charter. Accordingly, Representative Frank J. Philbrick of this city introduced in the Legislature a bill increasing the amount of property which may be held to \$250,000.

Another bill of which Mr. Philbrick is the author will soon appear in the Senate granting a charter for a home for aged men in this city.

E-M-E-R-S-O-N

When correctly pronounced spells
PIANO SATISFACTION
PIANO ARTISTRY
PIANO DURABILITY
PIANO ECONOMY
The time test is the only true test. Ask the man who owns an EMERSON PIANO.

H. P. Montgomery,

6 Pleasant Street Opp. P. O.

MISS CLEMENS COMING

Talented Daughter Of Mark Twain Will Sing Here

Portsmouth music lovers will be given a rich treat on Washington's birthday, when Miss Clara Clemens, the talented daughter of Mark Twain, will appear as one of the artists in a concert at Music Hall.

Miss Clemens has shown talent as a vocalist nearly or quite equal to that of her famous father in literature. Her success has been wonderful and she is sure to speedily win a place among the most noted American singers.

Portsmouth people are highly favored in being given an opportunity to hear Miss Clemens. It is not often that they are accorded an equal privilege.

COSTUME PARTY

Given by Miss Ruth Coleman at Home of Her Parents

Miss Ruth Coleman gave a very pretty costume party on Thursday evening at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred B. Coleman. Her young friends were charmingly entertained and there was no more delightful celebration of St. Valentine's day in this city.

The dining room was elaborately adorned, red hearts being conspicuous, and the entire house was prettily decorated.

A variety of games were played and numerous prizes were given those who proved the most expert.

Miss Bessie Cottle received a water color sketch for the greatest success in the hunting of hearts. For proficiency in the guessing game, Miss Elsie Malbone received a set of gold pins. Miss Blanche Fisher was given a beautiful box of candy for pinning the arrow to the heart and Miss Mary Murray was awarded the booby prize in this contest, a tiny silk football. In the game of tossing hearts, Miss Murray was successful, winning a silver glove buttoner.

For finding the key to the heart, Miss Marie Brewster received a shell valentine, filled with red hearts.

Selections from a Victor talking machine were enjoyed and a dainty collation was served.

The guests and their costumes were as follows:

Marion Call, Swiss peasant; Frances Grace, Cupid; Dorothy Thayer, fairy; Alice Griffin, Queen of Hearts; Blanche Fisher, Martha Washington; Mary Murray, Spanish girl; Ada Muchmore, Folly; Mary Warren, Queen of Hearts; Emma Hartford, Dutch peasant; Marie Philbrick, Miss Hearts; Bessie Cottle, Queen of Hearts; Elsie Malbone, Red Cross nurse; Marie Brewster, Martha Washington; Helene Garrett, Japanese girl; Marguerite Emery, Queen of Hearts; Francesca Heffenger, pink accordion player; Dorothy Yeaton, white mull; and Marion Martin.

ENTERTAINED AT HOME

Mrs. Horace P. Montgomery the Hostess on Thursday

Mrs. Horace P. Montgomery pleasantly entertained on Thursday evening at her home on Middle street. The house was handsomely adorned and there was a collation.

WANT THEIR PAY BY THE WEEK

Under orders from the secretary of the navy, a canvass was made among the men of the different shops at this station on the matter of weekly payments. Reports have it that over two-thirds of the employees here would like to settle with Uncle Sam every week.

COULDN'T GET AWAY

Amateur Houdini Failed to Make Good His Boasts

There was fun galore at the firemen's quarters on Maplewood avenue on Thursday evening when one of the Franklin-Pierce hand tub crew tried the Houdini act, but failed to make good.

Elder Munsey, tied hands and feet to a chair with a clothesline, claimed that he could either call upon supernatural beings or do a trick that would release him in ten minutes. Capt. Spinks with the rope made some holiday hitches, monkey's knuckles and other fancy turns and the "Elder" was hard and fast to the chair.

He was left alone in a side room to free himself. Ten minutes passed and he was still in the harness. A peep through a side window revealed a sight good for afflicted eyes. There was our Houdini, kicking, pulling, jerking, but the chair was still with him. Thirty minutes elapsed and he was still in the same place, with perspiration flowing from every pore, but without a single knot untied.

After nearly an hour, Elder called for his release by the man who tied him and gave up the job. This man could not be found and nobody else could handle the knots and there was more trouble. Munsey wanted the rope cut, but that only started a kick from the man who borrowed the line. He was finally released, after declaring himself in strong terms and it is safe to say that the Elder will need more points before he impersonates Houdini or any other crack magician again.

PERSONALS

Charles Walker is at home from Dartmouth for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Marcy have returned to this city.

Mrs. Sarah Mann of Greenland is convalescing after a long illness.

Mrs. Edward Raitt of Sagamore avenue is passing the day in Boston.

Calvin Lear of The Rockingham is visiting friends in Boston and New York.

Mrs. Arthur W. Walker, with her mother, is passing several weeks at Hot Springs.

General Manager E. B. Bartlett has been visiting at his former home in Pittsfield, Mass.

Miss Annie O'Connor attended the New Hampshire College class dance at Durham on Thursday evening.

Mrs. Stephen Hayes of Court street was called to Portland on Thursday by the death of a relative.

The friends of Mrs. George Law of Deer street are hoping for her full and speedy recovery from her illness.

George R. Rowe, carriage manufacturer, of Brentwood has been passing a few days in this city, the guest of his son, Robert G. Rowe of Cass street.

Rear Admiral Caspar F. Goodrich, formerly commandant of Portsmouth navy yard, is to relieve Rear Admiral J. B. Coghlan as commandant of New York navy yard.

Senator Thomas Entwistle of this city and Representatives Frederick Pickering of Newington and William A. Hodgdon of Portsmouth were members of the legislative party which visited the state industrial school in Manchester on Thursday.

COMMEMORATIVE EXERCISES

Camp Winfield Scott Schley, No. 2, Spanish-American War Veterans, will hold appropriate ceremonies this evening, the anniversary of the blowing up of the Maine.

ADVISE TO YOUNG LADY CLERK

"Don't go dippy over hypnotism and hypnotists" is the advice now being handed out to a young lady clerk in a local dry goods store by her co-laborers.

Plenty doing in Portsmouth this week.

THE SECOND NIGHT

Of Knights Of Pythias Big Fair Last Evening

DREW A LARGE PATRONAGE TO FREEMAN'S HALL

The crowd attracted to Freeman's Hall by the Knights of Pythias fair on Thursday evening was even larger than that of the opening night. The exhibition had proved so interesting that many of those who attended on Wednesday evening came again and many others came to see what the knights had to offer for their entertainment.

There is no doubt that the fair will be one of the most successful ever held in this city. The patronage has exceeded all expectations and the indications are that the crowd of this evening will be one of the largest of all. The members of Damon Lodge have every reason to feel highly pleased.

The entertainment program Thursday evening was of the highest order. King and Stange gave one of the best comedy sketches ever seen in this city, while Dan Malumby, Harry Caswell and Prof. Boiling deepened the good impression already made. The music by the Eagle drum corps was inspiring and the work of Horace Rowe as accompanist very fine.

The work of Madame Ixetta attracted special attention. Her crystal readings were worthy of special note and proved a wonderful attraction. Eight years of experience in this line gave her the ability to surprise many business men and prominent citizens who were numbered among her patrons. Her straight palmistry readings were also extremely interesting and apparently valuable forecasts of the future.

ELKS WERE BUSY

Members of Portsmouth Lodge Had Jolly Time

Portsmouth Lodge of Elks was busy on Thursday evening, not exactly with the regular business of the order, but with a fine repast and pleasing social session in the lodge hall.

The spread was served by Cottrell and Walsh and was followed by a most entertaining program lasting until after midnight.

A large crowd enjoyed one of the best programs that the lodge has presented this season.

GOT BACK AT MIDNIGHT

Shriners Returned From Concord, Reporting a Good Time

The special train with thirty Portsmouth Shriners and a hundred more from Dover and Rochester, who went to Concord Thursday night, arrived home seven minutes past twelve this (Friday) morning.

They report the usual good time that is in order when Bektash Temple entertains out of town members and does its regular work.

HAD A BANQUET

Former Members of Kearsarge Company Enjoyed a Repast

The former members of Kearsarge Engine Company, before the reduction was made, got together on Thursday evening and enjoyed a fine repast at the engine house.

The banquet consisted of a genuine turkey supper with "fixings", prepared by Caterer Charles Weaver.

A social session followed the repast.

WILLIS E. UNDERHILL

SUCCESSOR TO

Hsley & George.

Fire, Life,
AccidentPlate Glass
Insurance.

Pleasant Street, Cor. Porter,

The Right Fit

makes the sale whether it be

SHOES OR RUBBERS

You can always get

THE RIGHT FIT

at

THE WHITE SHOE STORE.

Duncan & Storer,
5 MARKET ST.

CHAS. J. WOOD

MERCHANT TAILOR.

Army and Navy Uniforms and Equipments

Imported and Domestic Doeskins

Broadcloths and Serges

TELEPHONE 311-12.

DENATURED ALCOHOL

IN ANY QUANTITY AT

A. P. WENDELL & CO.'S

Hardware Store.

IF YOU GET A SIDEBORD

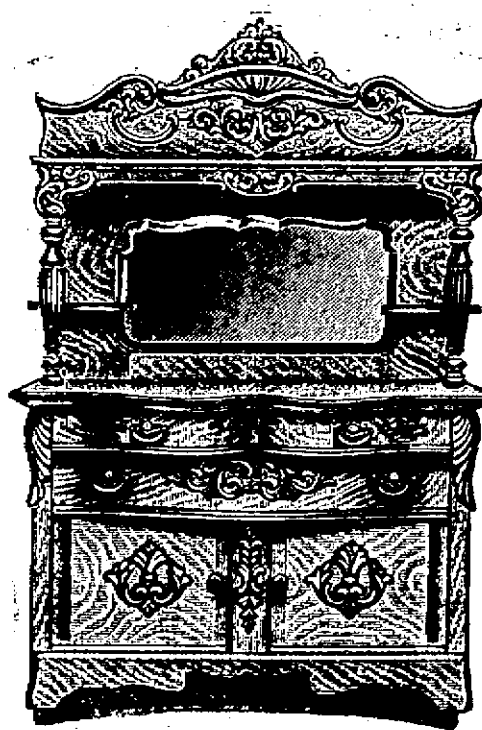
OR BUFFET

at Ham's you will be satisfied

Selected

Quartered

Oak



French

Bevel

Mirror

PRICE \$20.00

Selected quartered white oak, French bevel mirror, long O. G. shape drawer, swelled top drawers

PRICE \$35.00 was \$42.00

Buffets with French bevel mirror, cross bend, veneered doors and drawers.

\$19.00 was \$24.00

Call And See Them

OLIVER W. HAM,

Complete House Furnisher.